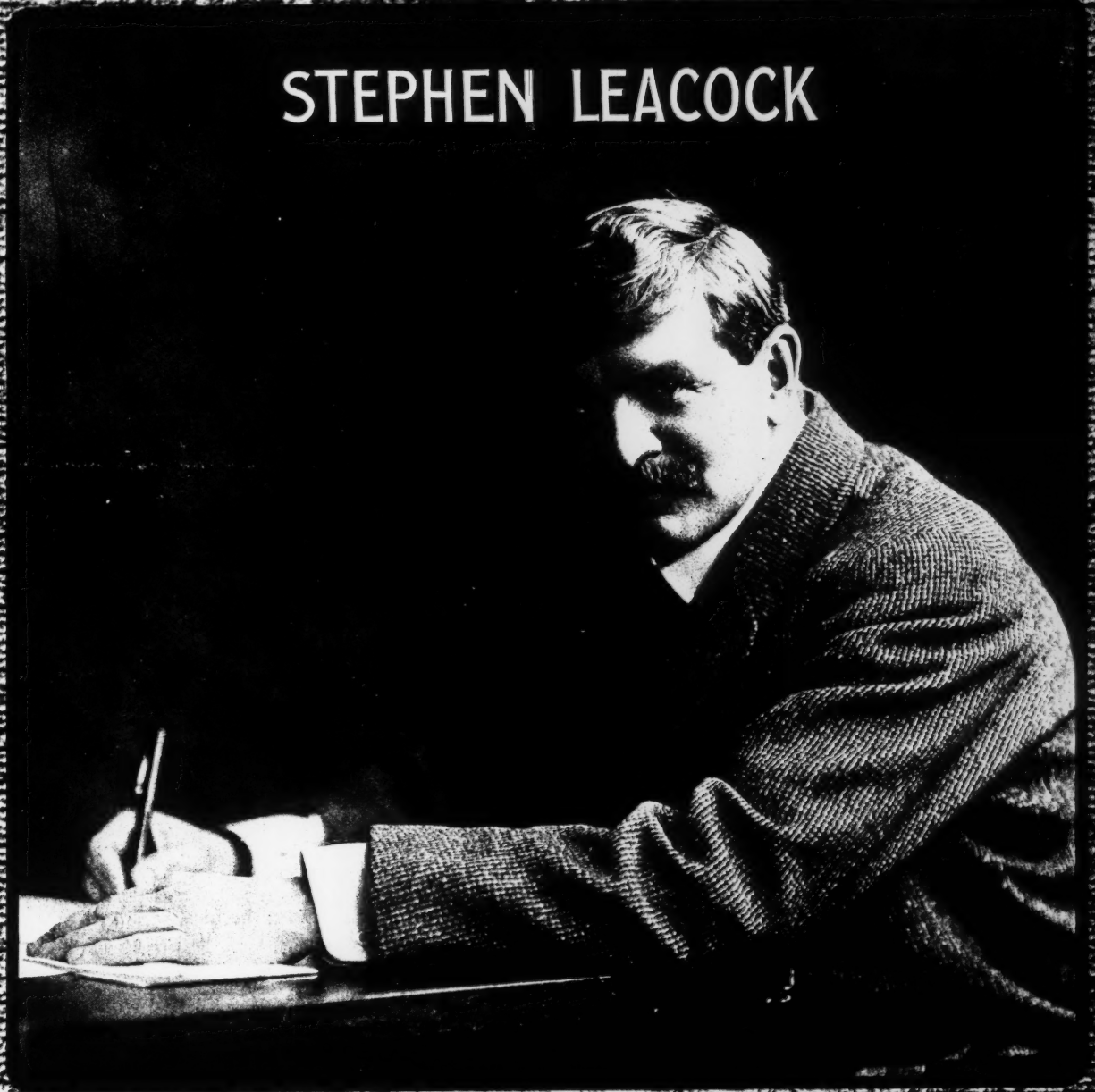
VOL. XLIII. NOVEMBER 1916 No. 6

BOOKMAN



CONTENTS.

STEPHEN LEACOCK	By J. P. Collins	WATTS-DUNTON ON POETRY	By Laurence Binyon
A MIRACLE AND A MASTERPIECE	By Edwin Pugh	SPLASHES FROM SPOON RIVER	By C. E. Lawrence
GALLOWAY GALORE	By W. S. Crockett	MR. WELLS AT HIS BEST	By George Sampson
GREENMANTLE	By David Hodge	THE "FATED ONE"	By Tighe Hopkins
THE END OF A CHAPTER		FIVE NEW NOVELS	By Harold Vallings
THE GUIDING THREAD		MEMORIES	
		A KISS FROM FRANCE	

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY: ROSE MACAULAY. By Katharine Tynan.

NEWS NOTES. NOVEL NOTES THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE PRIZE COMPETITIONS. ETC.

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Not the crimson of war, but the grey; not the glories of clashing heroism, but the endurance of those who bring succour on the plains.

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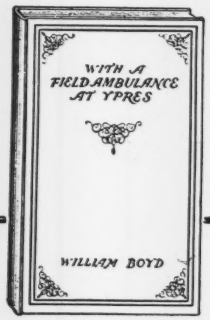

At the outbreak of War the Author, who holds the rank of Captain in the Field Ambulance, was actually undergoing training with the Territorial Forces, of which he is a member. After doing garrison duty on the coast, they were sent to France to fill the breach until the New Army was ready.

"The war has produced no more thrilling narrative."

"A fascinating story of those who are daily facing death in behalf of humanity."

William Boyd's

Professor of Pathology, University of Manitoba, Member of the "Royal Army Medical Corps," in Flanders.

WITH A FIELD AMBULANCE AT YPRES

BEING LETTERS WRITTEN MARCH 7—AUGUST 15, 1915

A still, dark night on the Ypres road. From the next field, star-shells shooting up like great white rockets; afar off, faint and thin, the rattle of a machine gun; and at long intervals, through the silence of the night, the deep-toned b-o-o-m of a great gun, like the solemn knell of a passing bell.

Much is here of the beauty—and the terror of the world at war; much of that strange fascination born of the contrast between a bullet-swept road at midnight and the shelter of camp next morning.

John Kelman, D.D., of Edinburgh, the famous author of "The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," "Among Books Old and New," etc., and one whose literary judgment is to be relied upon, says of William Boyd's new book:—

> "I have never seen anything of such vivid power and such literary quality in the whole literature of the war. The blend of living experience, literary quality and reference make it unlike any other personal narrative that I have come across."

There are few who will not be interested in this intensely human document, telling of the general condition in which the Canadian soldiers are living at the front. Mr. Boyd has passed through many interesting and exciting experiences, mostly along that part of the line from St. Eloi to Ypres and Hooge, where the Canadians were engaged in so desperate a struggle and played such an important part.

This record in diary form is likely to remain the most graphic account by an eye-witness of the famous struggle that has yet been written. The letters in the volume were written in the kitchens of French farm-houses, in muddy dug-outs, and other unromantic places, in most cases within twenty-four hours of the things described. It is a record of facts, experiences and emotions written before the facts had become tinged with fiction, the experiences had lost their original sharpness, and the emotions had been erased by the living finger of time.

A book which, we believe, will be read years after the war is ended.

The volume is illustrated from six interesting and unusual photographs by the author.

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 13

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—

Rose Macaulay. By Katharine Tynan 37

The Song of the Sword. By Phyllis Marks 38

THE READER—

Professor Stephen Leacock, Ph.D.: Savant and Humorist. By J. P. Collins .. 39

Prize Competitions 44

Watts-Dunton on Poetry. By Laurence Binyon .. 47

NEW BOOKS—

Splashes from Spoon River. By C. E. Lawrence .. 49

Mr. Wells at His Best. By George Sampson 49

A Miracle and a Masterpiece. By Edwin Pugh 50

Greenmantle. By David Hodge 51

Memories 51

Galloway Galore. By W. S. Crockett 52

The End of a Chapter .. 54

Five New Novels. By Harold Vallings .. 54

A Kiss from France 56

The Guiding Thread 57

The Modern Prophet 58

The "Fated One." By Tighe Hopkins 58

NOVEL NOTES—

The Gamesters—Madcaps and Madmen — Petunia — A Tory in Arms 58–59

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—

Soldier and Dramatist—The King's Indian Allies—Illyrion and Other Poems 60

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS .. 62

WAR BOOKS 62

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Christmas Double Number of The Bookman will be ready on the 1st of December. It will contain all the usual features, including several special plates in colour and black and white, and four large illustrated Supplements dealing with the new books of the season. We would urge all our readers to place their orders for it at once. Though we are printing a very large edition, the demand is already so great that it will probably be exhausted soon after publication, and, owing to mechanical difficulties, the Number cannot be reprinted.

Miss Gabrielle Vallings, whose first novel, "Bindweed," has recently been published by Messrs. Hutchinson, is a great-niece of Charles Kingsley and the cousin and adopted daughter of Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) with whom she lives at Eversleigh, the little village of which Kingsley was so long rector. Miss Vallings studied for some time among opera-singers in Paris, and has put much of her personal knowledge of the operatic world into her story.

Mr. A. Neil Lyons, whose new book of stories, "A Kiss From France," is reviewed in this Number, has been collaborating with Miss Gladys Unger in writing a war-play, "London Pride: A Film Without a Flicker," which Messrs. Curzon and Du Maurier are shortly producing at Wyndham's Theatre.

Mr. John Drinkwater's new book of poems, "Olton Pools," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

An interesting volume written and illustrated entirely by New Zealanders in France is to be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, under the title of "Shell Shocks." It is edited by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, who is also contributing an Introduction.

Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has written a book of stories of the Uncle Remus kind, "Hollow Tree Nights and Days," which Messrs. Harper are publishing forthwith.

Messrs. Longmans have now included one of Mr. de la Mare's most charming books of verse, his "Songs of Childhood," in their popular "Pocket Library" series.

Most novelists are nowadays turning their attention to the cinema, as a little while back they were

Photo by Ellis, Malta.
Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N.

turning to the stage. Mr. Wilkinson Sherren has started something of a new departure in journalism in the *Bioscope*, where he is writing a monthly review of novels selected with a view to their adaptability to the screen.

An edition de luxe of "The Book of Job," with an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and eight illustrations in colour by Mr. C. M. Tongue, will be published this month by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

After the Royal Commission on the Dardanelles Expedition has presented its report, Messrs. A. & C. Black are publishing the first book on the Gallipoli campaign from a naval point of view. It will be called "The Immortal Gamble," and tells of the part played in the undertaking by H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, the record being the joint work of Commander A. T. Stewart, R.N., and the Rev. C. J. E. Peshall, Chaplain, R.N. Commander Stewart, by the way, is the husband of the well known journalist and novelist Agnes Herbert, whose latest book, "The Elephant," a picturesque animal biography, Messrs. Hutchinson are just publishing.

Rev. C. J. E. Peshall,
Chaplain, R.N.

"Fighting Men," a collection of ballads and poems by C. Fox Smith, is one of six new volumes which Mr. Elkin Mathews is including this autumn in his admirable Vigo Cabinet series.

Early this month Mr. Arthur H. Stockwell will publish "Fighting to the Front," a story of school life by the well-known boys' writer, Mr. George R. Samways, who is now on active service with the Royal Flying Corps.

Photo by I. Garrat. **Major A. Corbett Smith,**
whose new book, 'The Retreat from Mons," has just been published by Messrs. Cassell.

Photo by Walter H. Barnett.

The late Lieut. Stuart Boyd, 3rd Sherwood Foresters.

We regret to announce the death of that very promising young artist, Lieutenant Stuart Boyd, son of Mr. A. S. Boyd, whose work is so widely known. Lieutenant Boyd at the outbreak of war enlisted at the earliest possible moment, and obtained his "second star" at the beginning of the present year. It was only in August last that he was sent to France, where he was attached to the 3rd Sherwood Foresters. He was, we believe, in command of his Company when he was wounded on the 29th September. He died at Amiens on the 7th October. Mr. Boyd, who was born in 1887, gave remarkable promise as an artist, and readers of THE BOOKMAN will remember the striking portraits which he contributed to its pages. He exhibited at the Royal Academy, the New English Art Club, the National Portrait Society, and many provincial exhibitions, and had looked forward to taking up his brush again after the War.

"Illusions and Realities of the War," a new volume of essays by Mr. Francis Grierson, will be published shortly by Mr. John Lane. Mr. Grierson is at present on a lecture tour in America, and will winter in Florida. Like Mr. William Watson and Mr. Le Gallienne, he was born at Birkenhead. He has been living for some time past in America, and there have been rumours that he had renounced his British nationality, but there is no truth in these.

Mr. Frederick Coleman,

whose new book, "With Cavalry in 1915," Messrs. Sampson Low are publishing.

The half dozen new novels which Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are publishing this month include "Quis?" by J. A. T. Lloyd; "The Grain of Mustard," by Hamilton Drummond, and "A Thorn in the Flesh," by Rhoda Broughton.

Sir W. Blake Richmond, K.C.B., R.A.,

whose novel, "The Silver Chain," Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward are publishing.

"The Barton Mystery," the successful play by Mr. Walter Hackett, which was produced by Mr. H. B. Irving at the Savoy Theatre, has been translated into a novel by Mr. George Goodchild, and it is no light praise to say that he has very deftly transferred all the mystery and excitement of the play to the pages of his story, which is published with the same title by Messrs. Jarrold & Co.

Messrs. Putnams are publishing "To the Minute," another mystery story, by Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Levenworth Case."

Miss May Wynne,
whose new novel, "Marcel of the Zephyrs," Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

Viscount Bryce has written an introduction to a volume of "Armenian Legends and Poems" which Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., are publishing next month. The book is illustrated and compiled by Zabelle C. Boyajian, an Armenian artist, who has also translated the greater part of the literary matter.

"Taffrail," the author of "Stand By!" the clever volume of sea stories just published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, is at present in charge of a torpedo-boat destroyer in the North Sea.

In "Dog Stars," which Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing, the author, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, has set herself to tell the best stories of all the best dogs she has known in England, America and on the Continent, adding to these a large miscellany of anecdotes about well-known people.

A. Ian Macleod
(Mrs. Harry Randall).
Author of "Hack's Brat" (Hodder & Stoughton).

The Cambridge University Press is publishing a new book by Archdeacon Cunningham entitled "The Progress of Capitalism in England." It will contain the substance of the Lectures he delivered in the London School of Economics and Political Science in the Spring of 1915.

Mrs. George Wemyss,
whose delightfully humorous novel, "Petunia," was recently published by Messrs. Constable, and is reviewed in this Number.

For the loan of the portraits and drawings illustrating our article on Mr. Stephen Leacock we are much indebted to the kindness of Mr. John Lane.

A. Ian Macleod, whose powerful story of Australian life, "Hack's Brat," has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, was born in Australia, at Newcastle, N.S.W., where she still resides. She has contributed a good many short stories to a school magazine and to the *School of Arts Journal*, both published in her native town, but "Hack's Brat" is her first novel. She is still in her very early twenties, and was married only last year to Mr. Harry Randall, also of Newcastle.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ROSE MACAULAY.

ROSE MACAULAY is of the very small band of writers in our day whose work counts. She is not for the great multitude who follow after the kingdom of this world and worship success. She lavishes all her art on the failure, the beloved vagabond who loses the world and saves his own soul: the poor in heart for whom is the kingdom of heaven. Unconsciously in writing of her books one finds oneself using scriptural or scriptural sounding phrases. Nothing else fits her. Whether she will or not the moral of her books—if that is not too heavy and dull a word—is profoundly Christian. Her kingdom is not of this world.

She has written in all some eight books, and in every one there is the triumph of failure, most delicately, gaily and wittily rendered. Each one is a tragedy, but a tragedy presented with the gaiety of the Saints, or of the French widow who wrote of her bereavement "*Je pleure mon Albert gaiement.*" There is that high lift of the human heart in sorrow which is surely a gift of the Holy Spirit. All of Miss Macaulay's heroes and heroines whom I know and love—Benjie in "Views and Vagabonds," Peter in "The Lee Shore," Eddy in "The Making of a Bigot," and Alix in "Non-Combatants," go out as failures from one point of view or another: prosperity is possibly the thing in human life which Miss Macaulay most abhors.

She has a rich and fruitful theory of life, or perhaps one should say, philosophy of life. She has an abundant and humane humour. She has an exquisite capacity for depicting natural beauty. She is a born lover of the Open Road. Her wit, lambent and tender, plays over the characters she creates. She makes an atmosphere, reminding you now of Sterne, now of Stevenson, again of Borrow when he was not controversial. She creates a great number of characters and makes one realise each one. She is wise as well as witty. She has observed life with laughing and moist eyes, and her observations are scattered over the pages of her books. Altogether hers is a rich and manifold gift.

Her names are not fortunate. "Views and Vagabonds" suggests a volume of essays. You open it and you are absorbed into a new Sentimental Journey, clean and innocent. "The Lee Shore," which was a prize novel—how amused Peter would have been!—is a better story perhaps. The love of Peter for Urquhart is, I think, one of the most beautifully rendered and poignant things in English fiction. But so rich are all these books that one cannot in a small space wander over them and say one's say of each. Therefore I prefer to limit myself to "Views and Vagabonds," which strikes the motif of all.

The story dates itself. It belongs to a period *ante-bellum* when the leisured played at many things, and the strenuous found queer outlets for their energy, the poor world little knowing that the day was coming when greatness should be forced upon it with the breaking of all its idols. It is dated, but it is not dowdy as dated books are apt to be—in the first place because it is pure literature, in the second place because it deals with the eternal young, who when the grass has grown over the battlefields will again be breaking the energy in them against shams and shames, as Benjie Bunter did. A charm of the book is its suggestion of the University atmosphere, with its young theorists riding forth like the immortal Don to tilt against windmills.

Benjie leaves the house of his aristocratic parents to become a working blacksmith. In pursuance of his theories he marries a working woman, a real working woman, with a soft and faithful heart, but no other alleviations: and there Rose Macaulay shows the artistry that is in her, for she has no base temptation to make Louie possible because of rare virtues or adaptabilities. The "people" in England, who have been "people" from time immemorial and are not less "people," in revolt, are not adaptable like the Irish peasant of a land of flux. The attitude of Lady Lettice, Benjie's supposed mother, of Mr. Bunter, the Conservative Member of Parliament, and all their friends, towards Louie, is rendered with exquisite humour. It is, in fact, pure comedy, the comedy which is redeemed from soullessness by a sense of tears somewhere in it. Benjie's brothers, Hugh and Jerry, his cousin Cecil, as well as all the Robertson family

Photo by Gyde, Aberystwyth. **Miss Rose Macaulay.**

really live and move. Then there come in the real persons of the Sentimental Journey, those beloved vagabonds, the Crevequers, against whom and their pernicious and very Southern idea of happiness for themselves and the whole world Benjie wages war, and finally loves and leaves for his working-woman wife and her parents and Daisyville, Virginia Terrace: and the new baby who is called Stanley Wilfrid—the Crevequers come out of Fairyland and pass away into it again. The Crevequers are something not to be forgotten with their soft stutter, their animals, their wasteful inconsiderate giving to the just and the unjust. They shall long abide with us as Peter in "The Lee Shore" abides, going away from houses and comforts and respectability and all the things decent folk care for into the evening gloam with the stars over them, and a cart or a ditch for all of concrete home—and "the wind on the heath." Miss Macaulay adores the irresponsibles, the God's Fools of the world.

Hers is a gay, sad, wise, foolish, gentle world—"A mad world, my masters." Miss Macaulay writes with distinction. "One word is too often profaned for me to profane it," but I can find no better word than distinction for her views of life and character. Not only distinguished, but distinctive. Her most minor characters stand out startingly real and remain with us as living people. Even a chance Vicar, quite in the background of the story and making but one appearance, is so realised that he becomes a personality.

I wish I had space for the sad comedy of that last scene at Daisyville, in which Benjie has bent his back to the burden, clear-eyed at last. I wish I could give the Crevequers, but these things cannot be detached from their settings. Perhaps Jerry and Cecil, cycling back from Daisyville to Cambridge may serve as a summing up.

"'Jerry,' said Cecil abruptly, 'do you suppose Benjie's *happy*?'

"Jerry was looking over the buttercup fields, that spread golden in the sun's long evening light on either side of the dusty road. Beyond them wound the little quiet rivers; with the willows, soft and grey, to show where they ran. In the long grass cows stood knee-deep and munched. Over them the cuckoos called their strange June note. Every hedge was a spreading glory of pure white.

"It was a lovely concrete world: a world of foregrounds: Jerry knew that; knew how things were more important than the ideas behind them, phenomena than nomena. One handles and touches and tastes each thing as it comes along; for in the end it is the artist's world, not the philosopher's; and one approaches it with the gay absorption of those who play a game.

"'I think,' said Jerry, after a moment, 'that it is possible to be happy on extremely little.'"

Yes, that is the summing-up. The beauty of Rose Macaulay's books and teaching is an austere beauty. It infuses all her books with a sense of a rare and exquisite personality. This is religion pure and undefiled—"He who loses the world shall save his own soul," and perhaps the soul of the world, as we see it in these days. Benjie, Peter, Eddy, lose the world gaily. They are cheerful givers. They choose Eternity before its toys. Alix of "Non-Combatants," Miss Macaulay's latest novel, has forgotten to be gay, though her creator has not; but she is the woman of the war, with the "blank misgivings of a creature" who looks on a mad world and its broken delights.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE SONG OF THE SWORD.

Steel and water and fire—wherefore were these things made?
Water to temper me,
Fire to harden me,
Steel for my blade.
Steel and water and fire, for this were they made.

Great is my might—
To me belong earth and men.
Who dare dispute it?
Who dare confute it?
Let him speak—I will answer.
My answers are short and swift—
One curve through the air
Like a swallow's flight—
Of his boastings—what then?

Who made me? God and the Devil.
Wherefore God made me I know not,
For He sayeth that slaughter is evil,
But the Devil—he laughed at my birth,
Laughed and laughed till he shook the earth,
And he hailed me with song and with jest,
Saying: "Little Comrade, I love thee,
Thou art fashioned after my heart.
Strike and care not—
Strike and spare not."
Therefore, of my Creators, I love the Devil best.

Beautiful am I,
Colder and whiter than the cold white moon.
Were I to glisten with her in the sky,
I would change the night to noon.
Keen am I,
Even keener than the biting frost,
And keener than the cold sea-spray
By the North Wind uptossed.
And I strike and care not—
Strike and spare not—
Strike to slay.

Swift am I.
O joy, to cut the air,
Cleaving the clouds asunder,
Cleaving the sky,
Swifter than the lightning and deadlier,
Bearing no thunder on my way.
Swiftly and keenly,
Silently, cleanly,
So do I slay.

I am shining and bare
As Eve when first the world she ranged.
But ages have passed
Since first in Paradise I flamed,
Upheld in an Angel's hand.
I alone remain unchanged,
I am naked and unashamed.

PHYLLIS MARKS.

THE READER.

PROFESSOR STEPHEN LEACOCK, Ph.D.: SAVANT AND HUMORIST.

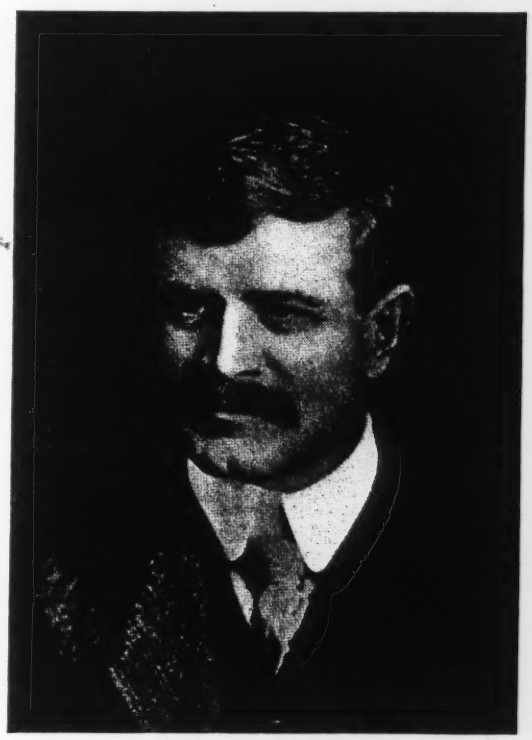
By J. P. Collins.

CAN anything good come out of Montreal? The late Samuel Butler, who is vaunted as a kind of modern Buddha, appeared to think not. He wrote a lampoon, one remembers, intended to wither the devoted city up, and all because he had found in its museum a classic statue stuck away in a lumber room, and a busy taxidermist much to the fore, engaged in the harmless occupation of stuffing an owl. Hence the "Psalm of Montreal," and all that apostrophic pother about Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher and his precious brother-in-law. Montreal strikes one as rather a long way to go in search of incongruities, when the worthy Samuel could have found specimens flourishing triumphantly at South Kensington or his beloved Bloomsbury; but satirists must have their little fling, so let Butlerians boast that he converted the Canadians from the error of their ways. Other men have not been so successful. Mr. Kipling, for instance, paid Canada years ago a compliment worth having when he christened her by the title of an old church in Quebec "Our Lady of the Snows"; and he must have been quite unprepared for the snort of disgust this accolade aroused in her official circles—regions disturbed by the thought that poetic liberties of this kind might interfere with immigration business. But there are inklings of a better frame of mind in Canada to-day, and even Montreal is ahead of the rest of the world in one important respect. She can appreciate a man who unites in himself to an exceptional degree the double capacities of scholar and wit, philosopher and humorist.

Most halls of learning have harped too heavily on the dividing line and ruled off the wholesome spirit of mirth with a kind of bar sinister. McGill University does better, for it can boast a man whose titles to our admiration are evenly balanced as between levity and gravity, and in Professor Stephen Leacock it possesses a savant in politics and economics who is also a brilliant jester, and recognised in both rôles in both the hemispheres. As such, and not merely as the author of several volumes of philosophy and belles lettres, he enjoys a place of his own in modern English-speaking literature. The only difficulty is which of his aspects to take first—the grave or gay, the lively or severe. Stevenson stood out for the happy paradox that a man's recreations were the main affair in life, and work was only the negligible day-drudge, so there is authority and warrant for treating the Professor's lighter volumes first. But usage and tradition are all in favour of taking the solid courses before the sweets, quite apart from the question of chronology.

* * *

The chances afforded by an important Colonial professorship in any of the well-defined provinces of learning are not to be despised. Instead of the mellow intercourse of "reverend halls," the pleasures of Father Thames, and the heady atmosphere of the Union debates, there is surely compensation for a sturdy mind in having new ground to break. The missionary of organised knowledge in taking up professorial duties in a new community with no moss-grown regulations to tie him down, lays a requisition on one's envy, though he may have to face an audience that is none too apt or tractable. Possibly, with the cussedness that pervades even academic men, these compensations are not always realised, especially when a hunky and defiant youth like the butcher boy with the yaller dog in Wendell Holmes' story may put an awkward spoke into the wheels of the curriculum. But this is no worse than the highly-cultivated back-row heckler at Oxford or Cambridge, equipped with the latest Gaiety snags and Grub Street sneers; and your Colonial philosopher, if philosopher he be, is at least immune from a nuisance like that. He enjoys, besides, the advantage of detachment and a long focus on the world's events; and he is a free agent, as many a tradition-bound professor in Europe cannot always hope to be, in the use of the mental compass and the choice of guides. Given congenial themes, the best human material the Colonies can offer, and a blessed aloofness from the present distracting European situation, there seems no lack of incentive for a virile mind endowed with any definite standpoint and purpose. And this is exactly what Professor Leacock possesses, as we shall see.



Stephen Leacock.

The war is shaping all our old theories of government, domestic, international and Imperial. How many of the older text-books are to be scrapped as a result of it, on international law and polity, on economics, law, and sociology? The relation of the individual to his foster-parent, the State, has been revolutionised; in some respects advanced to an acute test of voluntarism, in others relegated to the oldest tribal instincts of violence in the mass. Apart from the overweighted theories of the Continental schools, many of our manuals seem destined to be buried by this great upheaval. While keeping in mind what has been done by other nations, past and present, one of our vital concerns is to reshape all the ancient cosmogonies, and partition them off, until they cover the risks and potentialities of an Empire re-unified. But of the many kinds of vade-mecum in this line, only one that has come to hand in the past decade or so appears to survive the present bombardment of facts and shocks and disillusions, and it proceeds from the pen of Professor Leacock. Ten years have passed since his "Elements of Political Science" came to birth, and showed its surprising grasp, even at that early date, of the significance and influence of the South African Campaign then just concluded; and the revised edition which appeared before the outbreak of the present war showed how well he had kept pace with the evolution of the Colonial conception in practice and theory, and how irresistible was the demand for Imperial Federation long before this crisis in our fortunes drew us together as never before. It is easy for the political philosopher, like the physical scientist, to remodel his principles according to events. But it was another matter altogether to show, as Professor Leacock did, how our rough experience in the case of the American colonies schooled us in regard to Canada and the Cape, and taught us to hold the balance more fairly between the old land and the new.

* * *

When the middle of the last century brought with it an era for granting autonomy to British dominions, two problems went by default which are all too present to us now. The times were not yet ripe for realising how the rest of the world would pick and choose from the propositions we held out, by ignoring the fiscal appeal and seizing on the territorial example. It praised our transcendental free-trade policy without endeavouring to emulate it; whereas it set itself to copy our colonisation programme to more effect than had ever seemed possible to the Victorian politician. Without blame or cavil, Professor Leacock leaves the error and the disillusion, as a true expositor should, to stand together and engender the right moral in the reader's mind. He demolishes what Whitman called the "bat-eyed formulæ" of half a century ago; he exposes the mistakes of the average Victorian statesman, and then in refutation of the most tenacious fallacy of all, he quotes Disraeli's sentence of 1872: "Self-government ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff . . . and by a military code which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves." That passage redeems many of the insincerities and misguided prophecies that stand to Beaconsfield's account, and silences those who misrepresent his real attitude towards Britain overseas, its future and our own. With the same fine restraint, our author disdains the rôle of moralist or demagogue. He faces the various problems of a supreme federal parliament, the retention of our domestic affairs

Mr. Jos. Smith outside his hostelry

From a colour drawing by Cyrus Cuneo in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," by Stephen Leacock (John Lane).

From a drawing by Vernon Hill.

Stephen Leacock.

Stephen Leacock,
aged 3 years and 7 months.
A very early portrait of the famous humorist taken on 7th July, 1873.

within a diminished legislature at Westminster, and all the reconstruction thus involved; and then compresses a large deduction from historic experience and the study of national character into wholesome sentences like these: "The dead weight of inertia to be encountered before such a change can be effected, will be realised by all who are acquainted with the British political temperament." Most of us when we give a thought to these extra-mural problems wonder how far the exhaustion resulting from the war will impair our vision and thwart our good intentions, but we are not always capable of expressing our misgivings with the same fine reticence or discretion.

Nothing could be happier than Professor Leacock's expository method and temper—his fairness to the reader and his theme, his honesty towards the great pioneers in this particular field, his dogged resolve to exclude non-essentials and omit nothing vital, and his respect for deposed classics like Hobbes and Rousseau, even when he is denouncing the absolutism of the one and abjuring the pseudo-primevalism of the other. He handles the bogey of the Social Contract as it deserves, and prepares us for the revelation provided by this war—that instead of the privileges, it is the obligations of citizenship that matter now, and especially the need for joining in the work of national defence. He traces the Aristotelian conception of the State through its many curves, and maintains a judicial demeanour in disposing of the long-vexed question as to the degree where monarchical neglect or redundance amounts to moral abdication.

Mrs. Beatrix Leacock,
wife of Stephen Leacock.
Daughter of Col. R. B. Hamilton, of Toronto.

* * *

And now "let us sing awhile of lighter things." Having never met the Professor at the breakfast table, I can handsomely acquit him on all those disparaging points that make up an appearance of intimacy and are supposed to supply the "personal" touch to a composite portrait like this. But a talk he gave me years ago went far to explain by its pace and tone as well as its substance how he turns his leisure to such blithe results. He denies, by the way, that his lighter work is the product of idle moments; but this, I suspect, is because the plague of idleness hardly ever disturbs so keen a temperament. To a mind well stored with the best reading of the older hemisphere he adds the audacity and energy of the other. In answer to a remark of mine, he said that while in Europe here we did our reading carelessly, and were content to absorb the best literature in fragments or flying allusions, a keener generation in the Colonies did its reading for itself, and devoured all the right reprints instead of arranging them along a decorative but dusty shelf. He might have gone further and said that in the Old Country here we are so bemused with passing talent and polemic garrulity, that we lose sight of the greater and more abiding forces except as names to garnish paragraphs and tattle. But as far as he went, I found it refreshing to hear Dr. Leacock lay about him in his quiet, quick, outspoken way, and to find my suspicions verified that his wit is the outcome of deep sincerity and hard sense. Beyond the cynical autobiography he prints in front of "Sunshine Sketches," I know nothing of his career, but I should say that the gist of it has gone into that bitter indictment, "The Lot of the Schoolmaster," reprinted in his essays. To take up the challenge he there throws down on behalf of the humbler walks of an ill-paid profession would be daring and difficult; to endorse it is unnecessary. One can only quote and quote again, or refer the reader to the paper itself; and if that is the case with his criticisms, it is certainly the same with his other writings, facetious or otherwise. One of the best of his critical papers he devotes to a generous laudation of the late "O. Henry," and Mr. St. John Adcock quoted this in his admirable monograph in miniature in these pages a month or two ago. A classical training preserves the Professor from that looseness in terms which could allow O. Henry to call a bow a genuflection; but, happily, years of concentrated study and drudgery have not lessened his rapid and prolific originality, while it has only deepened that sense of justice which he vents at times with such towering indignation.

Too much emphasis has been laid on his faculty for parody, which is only one weapon after all in his well-filled armoury. It seems only the other day that "Nonsense Novels" arrived to prove that a vogue in which Thackeray and Bret Harte excelled is still a living force in criticism, and that a Canadian professor is equal to either of those master-satirists in the power of turning the eccentricities of modern fiction against itself. If he turns on its practitioners as well, he is not content with mimicry of their accent and locutions, but tries to reconstitute their view-point, and always with an

imperturbable good humour. You perceive very soon that with him the mimetic stage has never been more than a kind of reserve trench in the "big push" against humbug and literary pretension, and that the parodist in this case is also a creative humorist of the first water. Certain critics rose, I remember, at his "Literary Lapses," and strained their arguments needlessly without diminishing anything or anybody but themselves. Some of them complained that a western humorist without dialect or Bowery slang was an exotic, an importation from the East, and a geographical contradiction, which is all pure nonsense. The Old World, as we have long discovered, enjoys no monopoly of wit. You cannot bring sense and nonsense into collision without striking a tell-tale spark, and whether the clash occurs on this side of the Atlantic or the other, the chances are that you will get the same kind of spark from the same shape of head. If the longitude of Greenwich can produce university brilliance like that of a Hilton, a Godley, an Anstey or a "Q," there is no reason why the same perception of values and contradictions should not produce their equal in a Stephen Leacock, even in the longitude of McGill and the latitude of a political professorship. One of our author's fiercest assailants revealed himself, I remember, in the book column of a lofty London daily, and showered out all the ineffable contempt this organ reserves for everything American except peeresses and advertisements and the American Ambassador; but presently, observing that *The Times* (which it hates like poison) had given up a segment of its Supplement to a consideration of Dr. Leacock's merits, this enlightened organ lay in ambush for his next book and then swamped it with green gush. But I hesitate to touch on the vagaries of reviewers when the Professor has turned them to such diverting account in his books; they constitute a grand assault on all sorts of pests from the club bore and the platform quack to the cheap millionaire and the expensive lap-dog. That truly modern martyr's rack, the boarding-house, has made a text for all the American masters of humour, from Holmes and Stockton to Wallace Irwin and George Ade, but none of them has touched off the horrors of the "hash bazaar" as deftly as our Professor has done. Years ago he wrote a series of Euclidean axioms which appeared in *Truth* and then had a cometary orbit of republication, from *Punch* downwards. Even now one hears the jest attributed to all sorts of brilliant mathematicians, dead and gone, and those who have ever met it in those cold shades of anonymity will recognise it from one example:

> "If there be two boarders on the same flat, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, each to each, and the wrangle between one boarder and the landlady be equal to the wrangle between the landlady and the other, then shall the weekly bills of the two boarders be equal also, each to each. For, if not, let one bill be the greater. Then the other bill is less than it might have been, which is absurd."

* * *

It is usual to greet a new writer with discouragement, just as the astronomer tackles a new sun-spot through a smoked glass. One cannot find that on the whole Professor Leacock has ever met with want of recognition, certainly since he first appeared in print; and, indeed, he is not the sort of person to have suffered from it if he had. But I have no doubt that, like the pearls in Æsop's fable, he has been pecked with the query as to why he wasn't something else? Carlyle chilled William Black after his twentieth successful novel or so, with the brutal inquiry as to when he was going to do some "worrk," and there are doubtless people who ask our author when he is going to write a sequential book, instead of a series of fugitive chapters. Well, there is "Sunshine Sketches" on the one hand, a racy presentation of a typical western town and its inhabitants, and on the other there is the "Elements," already dealt with; and if it were not for the matter of date, one might even suppose that treatise had been written in reply to this very taunt. The Professor's humour is certainly equal to this riposte or any other. He believes, with Erasmus, in saying even serious things lightly; and he has loudly proclaimed he would rather have written "Alice in Wonderland" than the whole of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." That also is why, like Garrick in the picture, he may be torn between comedy and tragedy, but at least he smiles under the ordeal. Such is the effect of a true conception of the office of humour in a miscellaneous firmament of bounty. In an unpublished essayette he once remarked that it is "better to take your place humbly and resignedly in the lowest ranks of the republic of letters than to try to go circling round on your own poor wings in the vast spaces of Milton's 'Paradise,' or the great circles of Dante's 'Inferno.'" The individual modesty of this is balanced by the fact that he stands up handsomely

The Curtain Rises.

A drawing by A. H. Fish from "Behind the Beyond," by Stephen Leacock (John Lane).

for the craft of humour and his brethren who follow it. A member, as he says himself, of the Royal Colonial Institute and the Church of England, he does not hesitate to remind us in another fragment somewhere else that it is "much harder to write one of Owen Seaman's 'funny' poems in *Punch* than to write one of the Archbishop of Canterbury's sermons"; and that whereas in his immortal hymn Newman only cried out for light in the gloom of a sad world, Dickens gave it. Which is profoundly true, as far as it goes. One might pursue indefinitely this contrast in the man which is characteristic of so many true artists—a passion for the vindication of his calling, whatever the niche that is allotted to himself.

Dr. Leacock's little son, Stephen Lushington Leacock.

On an occasion lately which should have been enough to tempt the humblest of men to glorify himself for once, Dr. Leacock showed some anxiety to stay in the background with his books, and to set in front of them a masterpiece of his special predilection—his son and namesake of a year old, and his second self. Of this prodigy he remarks that he is "guaranteed to eat more, sleep deeper, shout longer, and cry harder than any boy of his age in the British dominions outside of Zululand." I beg to leave that challenge as it stands with all its unnecessary reservations on its head, and to leave its author at the mercy of a myriad progenitors prepared to take it up; but at least the episode illustrates the idiosyncrasy of authors that their pride invariably lies far outside the circle of your conjecture. Let me conclude with another fragment from the Professor's pen, which strikes me as truer and deeper than anything ever written by Professor Bergson or Professor Pogson on laughter or free will or anything else:

> "The world's humour in its best and greatest sense is perhaps the highest product of our civilisation. One thinks here not of the mere spasmodic effects of the comic artist or the black-face expert of the vaudeville show, but of the really great humour which once or twice in a generation at best, illuminates and elevates our literature. And here, in its larger aspect, humour is blended with pathos till the two are one, and represent as they have in every age the mingled heritage of tears and laughter that is our lot on earth."

Personally, it remains only to indicate a fund of unutterable thanks for the pure and healthy enjoyment that Dr. Leacock's books have given me for years. If I were called in to prescribe for the restoration of Europe after this present convalescence, I should prescribe the free circulation of an unlimited edition of his books at Germany's expense, in all languages and dominions outside the circle of the Central Powers, with a strict embargo on their ever entering the lands of the Huns. They deserve it.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best Christmas Greeting to the men in the fighting line, in four lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Phyllis Marks, of 172*a*, Alexandra Road, London, N.W., for the lyric "The Song of the Sword," printed on page 38.

We also select for printing:

EUCHARIST.

My little Taper of Desire
I fain would light at Thy Great Fire;
And where the grander flames are wrought,
Oh! kindly Saviour, quench it not.

My little Cup of Faith I bring
To fill it at the Eternal Spring;
With many vessels lifted up—
Oh! Jesus, take this little cup.

And deign, oh Lord of Love, to see
The humble gift I offer Thee;
Thou, Who love's pure essence art,
Accept the treasure of my heart.

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

A SERENADE.

Had I the colours of night and the dawning
Woven with silks and shadows grey,
Dusk of the night and hues of the morning,
With glory of dark and glory of day,
I would give them you; but I only bear
A single rose, and a star for your hair.

They have brought you gold, those others who love you,
Clear-cut ivory, ribbons fine,
Silver to challenge the stars above you,
Raiment red as the deep, rich wine.
Love and a song unto you I bear—
A single rose, and a star for your hair.

(Joyce O'Dwyer, Temple Bank, Beetham, Milnthorpe, Westmorland.)

From the very large number of other lyrics received we select for special commendation those by F. L. Grey (Brighton), Margaret Margerison (London, W.C.), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Warren Derry (Bath), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), A. F. B. (Croydon), Percival Hale Coke (Harrogate), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Dorothy Benton (Nantwich), Lt. A. Peel (Wareham), Lilla G. McKay (Auckland, N.Z.), Marjorie Crosbie (London, W.), Eric Lyall (Edinburgh), Corporal R. S. Larker (Southall), Grace H. Hill (Finchley), T. R. Swinburne (London, S.W.), E. R. L. (Durham), Grace Cracknall (London, W.), Ila Hearn (S. Croydon), Beryl Carter (London, W.), Imgra Scott (Sydney, N.S.W),. Enid D. Woolright (Chelsea), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), C. Jeans (Glasgow), Lilian Daly (Ceylon), Private A. H. Pennington (Manchester), Maude McGuire (Bristol), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Carol Ring, (Edgbaston), Robert C. Bodker (Streatham), Olive Mercer (Dunedin, N.Z.), Mona Douglas (I. of M.), Bombadier T. A. King (Plymouth), I. L. Watts (Streatham), D. P. Thomas (London, N.W.), S. M. Northcott (Colwyn Bay), Blake Kelly (Dublin), S. Parker (Long Melford), C. E. S. (Glasgow), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Irene Eveleen Osborne (Honor Oak), S. S. Chipperfield (Hull), I. C. A. (Glasgow), Emily Lewis (Mansfield), George Harry Brown (Eastbourne), V. Ford (Bristol). J. E. C. (Ripon), R. Scott Frayn (Skipton), H. M. Barrow (London, S.W.), Rev. E. C. Lansdown (Eastbourne), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bath), H. St. C. Bryne (Liverpool), M. H. Drury (Streatham), Evelyn D. Bangay (Chesham), Don A. Gardiner (London, W.), E. A. Downey (Waterford), G. C. Noble (Streatham), T. McCutcheon Craig (London, S.W.), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Elsie M. Freeman (Upper Norwood), A. W. Forbes (Bath), V. V. Matthews (London, W.), Margaret (Birmingham), M. R. Ellinger (Hastings), Mary V. Garland (West Kensington), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Tom Blackburn (Liverpool), Hylda Cole (Kilmalcolm), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), T. Preston (Moreby Park), W. Brown (Corstorphine), L. A. N. N. (Chelsea), F. Olsen (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Iris Douglas (Shipley), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro), Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), S. Ouseley (Worthing), E. K. N. (Sowerby Bridge), Lilian Holmes (Charing), Phyllis Collard (Hammersmith), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Arthur Stanley (Dalston), Frank H. Humby (Sidcup).

Mr. Stephen Leacock and Mrs. Leacock, with their son, Stephen Lushington Leacock,

at their summer place on Lake Conchiching.

Mr. Bernard Capes,

whose new novel, "If Age Could," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester, for the following:

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS. By JOHN BUCHAN.
"A fool at forty is a fool indeed."
YOUNG, *Love of Fame.*

We also select for printing:

THE REVOLUTION. By LOUIS MADELIN. (Heinemann.)
"You turned a back somersault out of the door."
LEWIS CARROLL, *Father William.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

ONE CLEAR CALL. By PAUL URQUHART. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
"You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again."
ISAAC WATTS, *The Sluggard.*
(Miss D. U. Thompson, 6*a*, Hawke Road, Upper Norwood, S.E.)

FORTY YEARS AT THE BAR. By J. H. BALFOUR BROWN. (Herbert Jenkins)
"A long, long pull." *The Midshipmite.*
(Miss E. Wild, 90, Greame Street, Moss Side, Manchester.)

THE ROAD TO NOWHERE. By ERIC LEADBITTER. (Allen & Unwin.)
"Behold him at the treadmill!"
E. F. ROBERTS, *Six Stages of Punishment.*
(Jessie Jackson, 83, Walker Gate, Beverley.)

APPLES OF GOLD. By OCTAVIA GREGORY. (Methuen.)
"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!" GEO. T. MORRIS.
(Mrs. S. A. Doody, 16, Granville Road, Boscombe, Hants.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best tribute to our wounded soldiers is awarded to Catherine A. Munro, of 24, West End Park Street, Glasgow, for the following:

They turned from Life, when Life was fair and sweet;
They chose the darker ways of Death and Pain;
And now, with blinded eyes and bleeding feet,
They seek familiar paths of Life again.

We bring them gifts: no gifts can ever pay
Our debt to them, so mighty is the sum;
Warm words of praise and ruth we fain would say:
Before their smiling courage we are dumb.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss G. E. Mitton,**

whose new book, "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," Mr. John Murray has just published.

Several of the other tributes sent are very good indeed, and we specially commend the seven by Mrs. A. Wilson (Birkenhead), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Muriel Pinch (Battle), Delicia Chisholm (Inverness), C. Ransom (Torquay), E. R. L. (Durham), George A. Vann (Sheffield).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Miss J. A. Jenkins, of Edge Hill College, Liverpool, for the following:

DAVID PENSTEPHEN. By RICHARD PRYCE. (Methuen.)

This story is worthy of attention and of careful reading. The difficult moral problem treated therein is handled with remarkable clear-sightedness and delicacy of imagination. Many writers indulge in discussion and argument on the subject, and these, as a rule, lead nowhere; but this writer, with unusual understanding of, and sympathy with, human nature, is content to forego all verbose bickerings and quibblings, and merely states the facts from the standpoint of those who are, perforce, the victims of them. The very unusualness of such an attitude compels admiration, and the psychological interest of the story is great.

Mr. Charles Evan Hughes,

whose "Addresses" Messrs. Putnams are publishing.

We also select for printing:

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH. By H. G. WELLS. (Cassell.)

War is the scarlet thread running through the texture of Mr. Wells's new story. It is a great book, such as only a great war could have produced, grim, majestic, passionate, yet written with a pen often steeped in tears. The effect of each successive phase of the conflict upon the little Britling circle in peaceful Essex is recorded with faithfulness and wonderful comprehension. In his alternations from despair to hope, his weary search for spiritual solace, and his hatred of war, Britling personifies all England; and finally, after suffering and sorrow, he attains to Understanding and a renewed Faith.

(Eric N. Simons, 10, Endcliffe Rise Road, Sheffield.)

MY FOURTEEN MONTHS AT THE FRONT.
WILLIAM J. ROBINSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This vivid and intensely interesting book is written by an American whose desire to see something of "The biggest scrap the World has ever known," prompted him to enlist in the British Army, at the commencement of the war. Mr. Robinson pays a very high tribute to the amazing gallantry of our officers and men, even the most phlegmetic reader must feel his pulses stirred by some of the author's pen pictures of almost incredible bravery under truly awful circumstances. This little volume should be read by all who have relatives and friends "Out There."

(Percival Hale Coke, 1, St. Mary's Walk, Harrogate.)

We also specially commend the reviews by W. Curran Reedy (Forest Gate), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), A. Vanderpant (Highgate), Arthur Davidson (Glasgow), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Winifred Dunbar (Bridlington), John F. Leeming (Hale), M. J. Dobie (Mouldsworth), H. Bellis (Longridge), Peter Winstanley (Bolton), Private Pridham (Portsmouth), Vincent Hamson (Bedford), M. E. Rotton (London, W.), Frederick Willmer (Ramsay), Elsa Gellert (Bradford), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), F. G. Jackson (Leeds), Margaret Wyke Tupman (Worthing), Mary Davis (Greenwich), Mrs. R. A. Doody (Boscombe), H. M. Barrow (London, W.), Cecily Fryer (Woodbridge), Agnes Mary Macaulay (Gt. Malvern), Alice M. Hillier (Highbury), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), Mrs. R. M. Gilpin (Peshawar, India), Winifred Warran (Wallasey).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Ida May, of 5, Trinity Church Road, Barnes, S.W.

XUM

WATTS-DUNTON ON POETRY.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

MR. THOMAS HAKE, the editor of this volume, tells us that even as a boy Watts-Dunton "conceived the bold idea of writing a comprehensive treatise on the history of poetry." All through a long life his thoughts were constantly occupied with the project of this work which was to be his *magnum opus*. It seems, however, that it never got beyond an introductory treatise on the first principles of poetic art. When he was asked to write the article on "Poetry" for the Encyclopædia Britannica he drew on the manuscript already written, but only used a third of his material owing to the necessary restrictions of space. It is difficult to understand why, when the critic wished to publish his work in independent and final form, he did not revise and issue the original complete treatise, on which he had drawn for the Encyclopædia article. What became of it? Mr. Hake says that it was drawn upon so largely for *Athenæum* reviews, as well as for the Encyclopædia, that it "finally ceased to exist." In the end, when Watts-Dunton prepared his treatise for the Press, he was reduced to patching his Encyclopædia article with fragments from his long and numerous contributions to the *Athenæum*. And these were inserted in a tentative manner, which the author did not live to revise. Mr. Hake, with considerable misgivings, decided to publish the work with these insertions as tentatively arranged by the author, but he has marked them by a different setting of the type. The Encyclopædia essay is in leaded type, the insertions are set solid. This has a rather disconcerting effect, especially as in some cases the insertion appears to begin in the middle of a sentence. It is a pity that Watts-Dunton did not live to revise the whole treatise. In fact he would probably have done better to re-write the whole thing afresh, for in its present shape it has a worried appearance. Some of the most interesting pages occur in the inserted passages, but these are sometimes disproportionately long and do not always fit smoothly in the place they occupy. We cannot blame Mr. Hake, who has done his best with a difficult problem. But one cannot help wondering that Watts-Dunton should not have taken more trouble over the form of a work which embodied the ambition of his life as a critic and which he had cherished and worked on since his boyhood. In spite of his editor's statement that he was "an exceptionally conscientious worker," one may be permitted to doubt whether his sense of literary form was, so far as his own writing was concerned, exacting or profound. There are pages in this book in which every other sentence begins with a slipshod "As to," "With regard to," or "As regards,"—unconscious reminiscences perhaps of his labours as a solicitor. He is fond of words like "expressional," "emotive," "excarnated," "expectance," "demetricised," "locution"; and the phrases in which he embodies his distinctions and definitions are sometimes of an almost curious infelicity. Form counts in criticism, as in every other kind of writing; but form certainly was not Watts-Dunton's strong point. It is only just to point out that the method chosen in this treatise was not one which readily lends itself to attractive presentment. It was not the method of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, who take some particular writer or some particular work, and in the study of these disengage their essential qualities by illuminating comparisons and by reference to general ideas and principles. Watts-Dunton chose the drier method, of which Aristotle is the supreme master. He enunciates first principles, and his main object is to classify. He discusses, first, the nature of poetry; then its relation to the other arts; and finally the varieties of poetic art.

Photo by Poole, Putney. **Theodore Watts-Dunton.**

Watts-Dunton had equipped himself for his task by an extraordinarily wide reading of poetry, and he had the great merit of approaching it from the inside; he had some insight into the working of a poet's mind. Not only European poetry, but Hebrew, Indian, Persian, Arabian and Japanese poetry are drawn upon for illustration. He does not, however, seem to have been acquainted with the wonderful lyric art of the Chinese poets, and their strange power of pictorial suggestiveness; these might have supplied happy material for the pages on the relation of poetry to painting, since the saying quoted from Simonides, "Poetry is a speaking picture, painting is a mute poetry" is actually a Chinese proverb. This wide and various reading gives breadth and solidity. At times Watts-Dunton seems to be too much enthralled by Aristotelian conceptions, as when he talks of language "imitating nature," and assumes that imitation of nature is the main aim of the plastic arts. But he challenges several of Aristotle's judgments, and in general he is far from letting his taste be cramped

* "Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

by reliance on "classical" canons. He can appreciate the Northern Sagas and the Persian epics. He makes a true and interesting point in showing how the instinct of the Oriental poet is to start from a philosophic idea, which he symbolises by story and image, whereas the Western poet first imagines a situation and then strikes from it the philosophic idea.

"No two poets ever did work alike." The recognition of this truth, often unperceived or neglected, is one of Watts-Dunton's great merits as a critic. And he realises the great importance of "technique," the character of the actual texture of the language in which a poet has to work, and the way in which his temperament reacts to it. He has some admirable pages on the central motive of "The Ancient Mariner," and on Coleridge's treatment of that motive. Again, on the rhythms which we call for convenience's sake, though quite inaccurately, "anapæstic" and "dactylic," he says: "The moment the English poet tries to 'pack' his anapæstic or dactylic line, as he can pack his iambic line, his versification becomes rugged, harsh, pebbly—becomes so of necessity." This is because of the dominance of consonants in English; and the only way of smoothing the movement is by lavish alliteration and the use of liquids, as was done by Swinburne, who also attenuated his matter. There is, however, another element which the critic forgets to mention, and that is the entire neglect of quantity, which has proved the ruin of most English "anapæstic" verse. Quantity of syllables is not readily felt as a positive factor in English verse, but as a negative factor it has a real existence and is disregarded at the poet's peril. Watts-Dunton has often acute things to say on points such as these; but he does not seem to have really grappled with the thorny question of English prosody. For instance, he seems to have thought that the innovation of Coleridge in "Christabel"—an innovation which he claims that Chatterton anticipated—was chiefly the introduction of "anapæstic" variations into eight-syllabled lines. But Coleridge's idea was infinitely more far-reaching; it was the rejection of scansion by syllables, and the substitution of the accents of natural speech. The fact that Coleridge did not carry out his own idea, or only partially, is not noticed by Watts-Dunton.

But let us pass to larger questions. Classifications of a broad kind are useful and necessary in dealing with complex material. The Greek classifications of poetry still stand. But classification tends to stop thinking; we put a man in a class, and there is an end of our thought about him. A critic's power and worth are shown rather in recognising differences, in distinguishing between the degrees and kinds of greatness, in sifting the indiscriminate superlatives of eager admiration. It is these distinctions which set us thinking, and train in our minds a constant idea of excellence—a standard. Watts-Dunton in his classifying process tends to lead us into false antitheses. He sets in opposition the poetry which states and the poetry which suggests, the poetry "whose mental value consists in a distinct and logical enunciation of ideas" and the poetry "whose mental value consists partly in the suggestive richness of passion or symbol latent in rhythm or latent in colour." And so he is led to speak of "Adonais" as merely "melodious verses" and of "Endymion" as "gorgeously-coloured verses," and of "Sleep and Poetry" as a "golden toy"; as if there were nothing more in these poems than the obvious beauty of rhythm and colour on their surface. He might have recalled that Mr. Bridges, with happy insight, has shown the singular parallelism in thought between Keats' "Sleep and Poetry" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey"; only what Wordsworth expresses by

> "The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
> And their glad animal movements"

Keats, thinking poetically in images, expresses by

> "A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
> A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
> Riding the springy branches of an elm."

Keats' poem is, in fact, anything but a golden toy; and the lines just quoted would have been an infinitely better illustration than the lines quoted by Watts-Dunton from George Eliot (which, as a matter of fact, do express a thought through an image) of the need for the concrete, or what Milton called "sensuous," in poetry, and the danger of abstract expression.

A distinction of which the critic makes much, and which is one of his original contributions to criticism, is that between what he calls "absolute vision" and "relative vision" in dramatic poetry. The phrases hardly suggest what they are intended to mean. "Absolute vision" appears to be simply the power of creating individual character, while the poet of "relative vision" only sees general humanity (typified by himself) in the imagined situation. But dramatists who are not poets at all have been able to create character, and must therefore be said to have the "absolute vision," which is denied by Dante! This is strange valuation. It is interesting to note that Santayana in his essay on "The Elements of Poetry"—an essay more lucid and more pregnant than Watts-Dunton's chapter on the same subject—expressly places creation of character lower in poetry than that sense of the wholeness of the world which divines the relation of man to the universe and of events to eternity—a power to which the phrase "absolute vision" might far more appropriately be applied. Watts-Dunton's illustrations are not very convincing; least of all when he depreciates the famous lines in the Iliad, "So she spake; but they already were fast in the bosom of earth, there in their own land" as a comment produced by the "egoistic imagination." Surely nothing could be more impersonal.

Space forbids discussion of a number of other interesting questions raised by this treatise. The accompanying essay on the "Renascence of Wonder" covers very familiar ground and takes the current view of the Romantic Revival. Watts-Dunton's reputation as a critic rests on the treatise on Poetry; and if he cannot be compared with the great masters of criticism either for philosophic power or originality of insight, still less for distinction of style, he claims respect for his freedom from prejudice and his comprehensiveness of view.

XUM

New Books.

SPLASHES FROM SPOON RIVER.*

The "Spoon River Anthology" was so original in form and, with its daring irony, so refreshing, that many of us have been eager to greet its successor; and now it has come. "Songs and Satires" has not the quality of the earlier published work. Most of its diverse contents run along conventional lines; and many have the appearance of 'prentice work. The "Songs" may generally be regarded as not noteworthy. The "Satires," which in thought and type are more of the company of the epitaphs of Spoon River, are far more successful; are, indeed, so admirable and clever as to make the reading of this book well worth while. In them the personality of the author finds its outlet, unspoiled by reminiscences of the established poets. We see in them the mordant realism, the modern note, the questing and probing after the secrets of the invisible, that were so determined, and strident, and wistful, in the Anthology.

Take "The Loop" with its better than photographical description of the large and little details of life in New York City. It is a remorseless study, illustrating its author's favourite theme of the contrast of the meanness of mankind's vanities and greediness with the splendid indifference and incomprehension of the eternal verities.

"The railroad tracks are near. We almost choke
From filth whirled from the street and stinging vapors,
Great engines vomit gas and heavy smoke
Upon a north wind driving tattered papers,
Dry dung and dust and refuse down the street.
A circumambient roar as of a wheel
Whirring far off—a monster's heart whose beat
Is full of murmurs, comes as we retreat
Towards Twenty-second . . .

. . . . .

Outside the stars look down. Stars are content
To be so quiet and indifferent."

This book is more genial than its notable predecessor. The "Spoon River Anthology" was in this respect handicapped through the circumstance that, with the exception of the mock-Miltonic appendix, it had entirely to do with the folk who are dead. Its actual humour had, therefore, something morbid in its expression. "Songs and Satires" is more human and warm-hearted; and has one most delightful verse-study, that of "Simon Surnamed Peter." The most natural of the apostles, and a very human personage, despite the official position and tiara that have been fastened upon him, is pictured with a glow of affection seldom won by saints, ancient or modern, despite the much lip-worship.

"'Twas you in the garden who fell into sleep
And the watch failed to keep,
When Jesus was praying and pressed with the weight
Of the oncoming fate.
'Twas you in the court of the palace who warmed
Your hands as you stormed
At the damsel, denying Him thrice, when she cried:
'He walked at his side!'
You, Peter, a wave, a star among clouds, a reed in the wind,
A guide of the blind,
Both smiter and flyer, but human alway, I protest,
Beyond all the rest."

The trouble is that no extract of stanza or passage can do justice to this particular poet's muse. Mr. Masters needs to be read throughout, as his poems are imprinted, and read as a whole. There are some interesting experiments in technique; indeed, not a little of this volume tends to show ways in which Mr. Masters tried his wings; the construction of "Arabel" is interesting and praiseworthy, even although the effect is not quite gained, being somewhat lost in vagueness. The most courageous and ambitious effort is "The Conversation," wherein Man inquires of the Creator the why and the wherefore of His creation; and this, doubtless, because the personality of the writer finds free-play, is among the most successful. Mr. Masters is a poet who profits by daring and by frank outspoken curiosity. His gift is modern, unique, original. He can afford to leave alone the older forms, whereof he seems rather to be an incomplete imitator or an echo blurred. He has no special ear; his natural verse is less musical than didactic. He stimulates thought. He girds with shafts of irony, barbed, at clay idols and the false gods. There is need in these days for just such a poet as he; and there is no reason why, if to himself he be but true and careful and self-critical, he should not become the representative poet of America. He must, however, be resolute not to fall below the standard that he himself has set.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Songs and Satires." By Edgar Lee Masters. 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

MR. WELLS AT HIS BEST.*

Mr. Wells's best novels always contain some of his worst faults. His moderately good books are moderately good all through. Take, for instance, "Mr. Polly" and "Bealby." No one would pretend that they are at the top of his achievement, yet how excellent they are in their unmomentous way! Perhaps Mr. Wells writes these entertainments with an easy mind and pen, but sits down to his graver performances in a spirit of awful seriousness—and so makes them seriously awful. The present novel is certainly one of his best. There are pages in which he ascends to the highest heaven of his invention; and there are moments of that intense tragedy which transcends mere personality and becames cosmic. And then wave after wave of the appalling fluency that is Mr. Wells's besetting sin washes in over it all. . . . Nothing but a Wellsian row of full stops can do justice to my feelings. He should adopt desperate curative measures. He should hire a burly ruffian to stand over him with a big stick—one whack for every abstract noun, two for every abstraction in the plural number. Then perhaps he will keep his pamphlets from adulterating his tragedies.

* "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mr. H. G. Wells.

His theme in the present, as in many a former book, is War. It is a theme that never fails to thrill us at his hands, whether the war be one of Martian machines, or of aerial navies, or of atomic bombs. He thrills us in this story even more than in the older efforts. We listen with growing excitement as the tale unfolds; the familiar spell is on us, and we begin to enjoy it; until we shudder, and remember that this time—it is all true! Then we recognise that Mr. Wells's fictitious war tales have been merely so much practice for the writing of this true one which is the best of them all.

And how excellent it is, from the gradual darkening of the shadows at the end of that fatal July to the full, quaking dawn of the momentous day! How movingly beautiful those letters from the boy in the trenches, clearly predestined to die in the blossoming time of youth! How admirable, too, in its restraint, the picture of the young German tutor, so simple, docile and pacific, seized by the tentacles of the war-monster, and sent to his pitiful end! One trembles to think what a super-Hun poor Heinrich would have been in the hands of a writer without Mr. Wells's intense sincerity.

Specially fine is the view he shows us of the nation at war, striving eagerly yet blindly to do the right thing, blundering so piteously at times, yet sound at heart all through. Mr. Wells is at his best in these studies of collective psychology. In sharp contrast to this wholesome national spirit, he shows us a few of the "malignants"—the chattering, fashionable women who encourage the Ulster conspiracy, and the "patriots" who would rather have a German victory than lose an opportunity of pursuing a personal vendetta against certain Liberal ministers. These veracious and unexaggerated studies are extremely important; for though in national life, as in the book, they are merely incidental it is most necessary for all of us to see that they remain incidental.

Future readers will find this book specially valuable. Histories of the war already abound; this gives something more—the spiritual history of the nation during the most searching trial it has ever experienced. For the truth, the dignity, the noble beauty of his story Mr. Wells deserves our sincerest admiration. But why will he endanger his just tribute by indulging in such trivial irrelevancies as the Mrs. Harrowdean intrigue, and those voluble excursions in the intense inane?

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A MIRACLE AND A MASTERPIECE.*

I have a very queer feeling about these two books. I have the feeling that either of them, wholly dissimilar as they are, might have been written by me. Indeed, for years past, I have promised myself that some day I would write both of them. All the same, I am not in the least sorry that I have missed my opportunity. Because one of these books is a Miracle and the other a Masterpiece. Now, I don't feel somehow that I could ever achieve a Miracle, however I tried; and though I don't even yet despair of the Masterpiece I am pretty certain that no book of mine on the lines of Mr. Thomas Burke's book could hold a candle to his.

Let me first deal with the Miracle. Mr. Norman Douglas writes about London Street Games with perfect knowledge and understanding. Yet I dare swear that in his childhood he played none of them—none, that is to say, of purely Cockney origin; whilst I, in my childhood, played them nearly all. Moreover, I do believe that, if only I were a little more elastic, I could join in any of them—even after all these years—at a moment's notice, without ever being at fault, and I know that I can still repeat most of the chants and rhymes, because I often do.

So, in my arrogance, I have thought that I alone among writing men was capable of describing these games or writing down these chants and rhymes. It has seemed to me that only by participating in them could you really get to know all about them. For the children of the London poor are very, very shy and incommunicative. To pause by the way and watch them at their games is to cover them with confusion and arouse their suspicions. For a moment or two they eye you askance, then they stash up the particular game they are at, and fade away out of your sight. And that is just where the Miracle comes in. How did Mr. Norman Douglas acquire this most difficult lore of the London Street Game? The children themselves, I am sure, have never permitted him to hover around long enough to learn either their chants and rhymes or the meaning of their seemingly meaningless antics.

Well, it does not really matter, I suppose. What does matter is that Mr. Douglas has most assuredly got his details right, and in giving us a book which pundits and pedants will be poring over with grave eagerness centuries hence, he has also given us a book of pure delight. It is a book alive and alight with humour. Especially do I like the asides, as when the author, mentioning a game called "One-Two-Three-and-a-Lairy," murmurs parenthetically, "I wish I knew what 'a-lairy' meant." And I choose this instance because I think I can grant his wish. "A-lairy" means nothing. Just nothing. It's just pure poetry. It is the poetry of Shakespeare's "hey-nonny-nonny" and the "fol-de-rol" of the music-hall. It's thrown in as a flourish, a grace-note, to complete the rhythm and round off the line. And, by the way, a word about these chants. Scarce one of the many in this book is exactly as I remember it. Which of course proves the authenticity of them all. Folk-songs, sayings, and rhymes, handed on by word of mouth, always do vary slightly from one generation to another. And this same authenticity is apparent also in the fact that the games themselves, as Mr. Douglas describes them, though essentially the games of my childhood, are not always played in quite the same way.

"London Street Games" is most emphatically one of the few books which should be bought and not borrowed.

And now to the Masterpiece, or rather bookful of masterpieces. If only Mr. Burke had had the good sense to be born a Russian or a Belgian—if only in despite of all temptations to belong to other nations he had not remained an Englishman—if only he had adopted a foreign-sounding pseudonym and issued this book as a translation and got some pompous Nobody to write an introduction to it—I am sure he would at once be acclaimed a genius, a Maxim Gorki or a Maeterlinck. And, oddly enough, though I have chosen these names haphazard, Mr. Burke's work does contain some of the best qualities of both Maeterlinck and Gorki. For he is at once a poet and a realist. And so, whilst the poet in him redeems his realism from the bald horror of a police report, the realist in him saves his poetry from the futility or the sickliness of the mere dealer in beautiful phrases. Only one fault have I to find with him, in this or any other connection, which is that he is overfond of certain words, good words enough, most of them, forceful and picturesque, but liable by over-repetition to lose something of their effectiveness. And there is one word in this category—not a very nice or very necessary word at any time—which he misuses more than any other, which would indeed seem to be something of an obsession with him; and this is a word that he might have dispensed with altogether, that he might certainly have rendered more appropriately in more than one instance.

And that is all I have to offer in the way of criticism of this book. For all else that it contains, of wonder and witchery, colour and perfume and light, fidelity to truth and at the same time a certain subdual of detail to the gracious vision of the artist, for all these high qualities of literature I can express only admiration. These stories are nothing less than wonderful. They are wonderful in their unique craftsmanship, wonderful in their sense of the loveliness and the glory that are always to be found if sought for, even in those things esteemed most unlovely

* "London Street Games." By Norman Douglas. 5s. (The St. Catherine Press.)—"Limehouse Nights." By Thomas Burke. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

and inglorious. Wonderful again in this book is the glowing spirit which suffuses it: a spirit of tenderness and pity and lovingkindness, and that rare uplifting charity which is love.

Mr. Burke does not blink even the ugliest facts of life, yet somehow, in his poet's way, he makes them seem not so much squalid as sad, not so much cruelly sinister as tearfully pathetic. And whilst he does not blink his facts, neither does he stint his fancies. In spite of his realism he takes you into an enchanted world, as hideously ugly as nethermost hell and as luridly beautiful.

I am afraid the many-headed may misunderstand the meaning and purpose of this book. They will "like," in a lukewarm way, some of the stories, and in a very virulent fashion "dislike" others. As for me, I will not—cannot—even try to sort out one from another in this bookful of masterpieces.

EDWIN PUGH.

GREENMANTLE.*

Even the most enthusiastic admirers of the writings of Mr. John Buchan will agree that "Greenmantle" is a daft sort of work, and that the madness is ingeniously mixed up with method, the result being a tale that allures all along the line. "About two parts mad, and the third part uncommonly like inspiration," is what one character says about another in "Greenmantle." It is a story in the manner of "The Thirty-nine Steps" and "The Power House," so—apart from distinguished craftsmanship—has little in common with "Sir Quixote" and "Prester John," and the author himself appears to admit that his object in writing it will have been achieved if he succeeds in giving entertainment for an hour or two. A dedication, "To Caroline Grosvenor," says:

"During the past year, in the intervals of an active life, I have amused myself with constructing this tale. It has been scribbled in every kind of odd place and moment—in England and abroad, during long journeys, in half hours between graver tasks; and it bears, I fear, the mark of its gipsy begetting."

All who know anything of Mr. Buchan's recent multifarious activities must marvel that he found time to write it at all. As for the improbabilities, Mr. Buchan remarks that the war has driven the word "improbable" from our vocabulary, and that melodrama has become the prosiest realism. Melodrama, however, if we may be pardoned for saying so, rarely goes as far as "Greenmantle," which sets forth how a British major, a great man who fought at Loos, goes out at the request of the Foreign Office, to discover the powers behind a Jehad. The major has not much to go upon; merely this left by a man who lost his life in endeavouring to accomplish the task—"Kasredin," "cancer," and "v. I.", written on a half sheet of notepaper. The major takes the job in hand, and many are his adventures in quest of the key to the mystery. They are not at all the ordinary sort of war adventures, even in this present war: they are astounding, but Mr. Buchan describes them with calmness and minute detail, as if they really happened. Much fighting figures, and striking character sketches abound. The closing parts of the story are intensely dramatic, and these are the final words: "The long looked-for revelation had come, Greenmantle had appeared at last to an awaiting people."

He is, in reality, Greenmantle No. 2, a Scot called Sandy, who took the robe at the request of a woman, "a devil incarnate" with the soul of a Napoleon, on the death of Greenmantle No. 1.

It is a fantastic book, and much of it is purely Buchanesque in conception. Among the characters who stand out is Blenkiron, an American, whose utterances include the following:

"Say, Major, what are your lot fighting for? For your own skins and your Empire and the peace of Europe. Waal, these ideals don't concern us one cent. . . . You've made the ring of Europe, and if we came butting in it wouldn't be the rules of the game. You wouldn't welcome us, and I guess you would be right. We're that delicate-minded we can't interfere, and that was what my friend, President Wilson, meant when he opined that America was too proud to fight. So we're nootrals. But likewise we're benevolent nootrals. As I follow events, there's a skunk been let loose in the world, and the odour of it is going to make life none too sweet till it is cleared away. It wasn't us that stirred up that skunk, but we've got to take a hand in disinfecting the planet!"

It may be added that one of Mr. Buchan's remarks as to this wonderful war is that some day, when the full history of it is written—sober history with ample documents—the poor romancer will give up business and fall to reading Miss Austen in a hermitage. Still, it may be some time before the war produces such happenings as are set forth so spiritedly in "Greenmantle," a book to be read as an antidote and complement to the graver volumes about the dire hostilities.

DAVID HODGE.

* "Greenmantle." By John Buchan. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

MEMORIES.*

"To myself, indeed, the composition of this book has been so delightful, that it has not only wiped away all the disagreeables of old age, but has even made it luxurious and delightful too." These words taken from Cicero's famous discourse "On Old Age" might have been used by Mr. Clodd as a suitable motto for his pleasant book of "Memories," the composition of which must undoubtedly have been a delightful task for its author, mingled though it could not fail to be with pathetic regret, when remembering the many friends who had passed "from sunshine to the sunless land." Mr. Clodd gave a pleasant foretaste of his book in an article on W. Holman-Hunt which appeared in *The Fortnightly Review* for August of this year, an article which forms one of the chapters of the present work. Mr. Clodd is in his seventy-seventh year, and was born in Margate, from which town his parents migrated, while he was still a child, to Aldeburgh, Crabbe's birthplace. In 1855 he obtained a situation in London as clerk to an accountant, and seven years afterwards entered the London Joint Stock Bank, of which he became the Secretary ten years subsequently, and retired from his official duties in June, 1915. His parents were strict Baptists, and it was their hope that their son, the only surviving child of seven, should become a minister of that sect. Other influences, however, came into being.

"Only those," writes Mr. Clodd, "who were on the threshold of full manhood in the sixties of the last century can realise through what a *Sturm und Drang* period they passed. It was good, and, more than that, it was a glorious thing to be alive. It was an epoch not of Reform, but of Revolution: old things were passing away; all things were becoming new."

The works that signalised that period were, among others, Darwin's "Origin of Species," "Essays and Reviews," and "Ecce Homo." Under the influence of these Mr. Clodd's progress or retrogression, according to varying point of view, was rapid, and his attitude towards Christianity was in the end the very antithesis of that resulting from his early training. Ultimately he became an author, and as the outcome of authorship, made the acquaintance of a goodly number of celebrities, whose views he, for the most part, adopted for his own. His friends included famous men such as Huxley, Herbert Spencer, George Meredith, and Samuel Butler. Others there were of lesser note although, in their days, of some significance. Literature, one would judge, is not Mr. Clodd's chief interest, though there is evidence from various allusions and verses scattered throughout the book that his appreciation of it is not annulled by his predilection for scientific and cognate subjects. We rejoice to find a chapter devoted to that most charming and delightful *littérateur*, Andrew Lang. One of the attractions of Mr. Clodd's book is its plentiful supply of hitherto unpublished letters, and there is a delightfully

* "Memories." By Edward Clodd. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

characteristic one from Andrew Lang acknowledging the receipt of the author's "Jesus of Nazareth":

"DEAR CLODD,—I have not yet recovered your new address and am constrained to thank you . . . for 'Jesus.' . . . If we lived in a properly holy country I would certainly denounce you to the Inquisition.

"I confine my blameless studies to the Evolution of Heathen Gods concerning which the Prophet assures us that they are vanity. Then I have no lore in Israelite matters, except that Robertson Smith says Rachel and Leah were totems. For plentiful ignorance I cannot criticise you except that I miss the Resurrection in your biography. This is, or ought to be, a burning question, but alas! *il y a fagots et fagots*, but not for the heretic. Perhaps the more Christian plan would be to convert you, but it is longer and more uncertain and less amusing to a faithful people. With many thanks all the same, though I do not fancy we can agree on the subject."

In the chapter on George Meredith there is a delicious anecdote of Edward FitzGerald's brother John. Said the novelist in conversation:

"I never met Edward FitzGerald. The third line of his quatrains is as the march of a king with his train behind him. I knew Gerald and Maurice, the two sons of his brother John, the fanatical preacher. Maurice and I were great friends when I lived at Esher. . . . He apparently knew nothing of his uncle's works and spoke of him to me only as a man with literary friends, Thackeray among them. He told me that when Gerald lay dying at Seaford his father came to see him, and there ensued an altercation as to the place where he should be buried: the father insisting on Boulge and threatening otherwise not to pay the funeral expenses."

This was apropos of Mr. Clodd's quoting Edward FitzGerald's remark, "We are all mad, but I know it."

George Gissing is another of the many people who were known to Mr. Clodd, and the section of the book devoted to this writer is of particular interest. It contains several letters now printed for the first time. Two longish poems are also given. One of them is new, but the other, entitled "The Humble Aspirations of G. G., Novelist," has appeared before—in Mr. Morley Roberts' "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," a fact which seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Clodd. And the author confuses Gissing's monograph on Dickens, published in 1898, with his abridgment of Forster's "Life of Dickens" which appeared some four or five years later.

Other chapters are devoted to Grant Allen, Miss Mary Kingsley, the West African traveller, William Simpson, the artist, Sir Alfred Lyall, formerly Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Provinces of India (better known to readers by his biography of Tennyson in "The English Men of Letters" Series), York Powell, F. Hindes Groome, Moncure Conway, Rev. Charles Voysey, and many others of note in their various callings. It is a book which will be read with delight by Mr. Clodd's friends at whose instigation the work was undertaken. It will also be welcomed by those readers with leanings towards the subject with which Mr. Clodd's name has been so long associated. It is probable that some susceptibilities will be pained by a remark here and there which will appear to be flippant even when no stronger word may be suggested. But these lapses are not numerous, and do not detract from the general interest of the book.

GALLOWAY GALORE.*

That admirable set of topographical monographs—the Highways and Byways Series—has been greatly enriched by its latest addition. It would be invidious to earmark for special distinction any volume or volumes of the Series, for of the twenty and more which have been published, there is not one but fills its own effective niche in the temple of local literature. Scotland has as yet claimed only two of the Series—the Langs' fine contribution on "The Border," and Mr. Dick's "Galloway," just issued. One hopes the publishers will not fail to include the Highlands, while Ayrshire and the Lothians also merit a place in the scheme.

* "Highways and Byways in Galloway and Carrick." By the Rev. C. H. Dick. With Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Galloway, "grey land of mist and mystery," has been exceedingly fortunate in its describer. Mr. Dick (who is a clergyman of the United Free Church, in the town of Moffat) has a familiarity with the ancient Province which few Scots, perhaps even Galloway Scots, can be said to possess. For even to a native, one's country is sometimes a sealed book. But the minister of St. Mary's has cycled, and where the cycle could not carry him, he has taken "shanks-naigie" (expressive idiom) on his pilgrimage of love through this lonely and attractive region smelling of bog-myrtle and peat—this Northern holy land flowered with martyrs' graves. And wherever he has gone he has garnered a very great deal that was in danger of perishing—a rich crop of unforgetable things. The result is that a living book is before us. It is the work of a writer who has not accepted mere second-hand information when his material could be assembled at first-hand. This is evident to any one who has a knowledge of the Covenanting literature of Galloway, for instance, and who will take the trouble to collate the same with Mr. Dick's fascinating chapters. In such an affair as epitaphic literature Mr. Dick's versions dissipate for ever the appallingly various readings which one is acquainted with. This reveals at once that Mr. Dick is a historian and antiquary of the true sort, and emphasises the reliableness of his contribution to what may be called history in pemmican.

Galloway has been late in coming to her own. No other province, it has been said, presenting features of rare natural beauty and holding a prominent place in history, was so long neglected by the modern tourist. Only a couple of decades ago Galloway was almost unknown to the outside world. History she had in abundance, but the glory of her romance lay all but untouched. We must not forget, to be sure, that the Wizard of the North put his magic hand on the Province when the second of the Waverleys swung into the literary firmament. For Galloway is the country of those choice spirits who make "Guy Mannering" in many respects the strongest, the humanest, the most vividly picturesque of all Scott's novels. The whole atmosphere is Galwegian, though Scott is said to have never set foot either in the Stewartry, or the Shire, as the counties of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown, which together constitute Galwethia, "the land of the Stranger Gaels," are called colloquially. But if Scott never saw the Galloway hills except from a distance, if he never mingled with the quiet, undemonstrative, kindly folk who live by Dee and Cree, if he never listened to the broad and gracious vernacular uttered upon its native heath, then the production of "Guy Mannering" was an event all the more remarkable, and the amazing genius of Walter Scott becomes more amazing still.

In recenter times it was the author of "The Raiders" who re-opened Galloway to the literary pilgrim. Galloway held a secret, and it could not be hid. And when her prophet came, seldom did unfolded wonder find so lavish a welcome. Wherein lies the charm of Galloway? From Dervorgilla's old Bridge at Dumfries to the Braes of Glenapp—from Burns's Nith to the shore of Loch Ryan, there is the intense natural beauty of the district for one thing, its stores of history for another, and lastly, that mantle of romance which now covers the whole countryside, making it not one whit inferior to the country of Wordsworth, or the Highlands of the "Lady of the Lake" and "Rob Roy." What more was Galloway needing? She had her great artists in the Faeds and others, her cultured historians in William Mackenzie and Sir Herbert Maxwell, her vivacious teller of tales in him who has given to Galloway the new name of Raider-Land. All she needed was the pen of a ready writer to weave together in graceful and gossipy discursiveness the lore of her parishes, to proclaim the glory of her "highways paced of men that toil or play," and the glamour of her "byways known of none but lonely feet." Mr. Dick's book is so complete and comprehensive, so readable and so eminently entertaining throughout, that there could not possibly be a more helpful and agreeable companion to all that Galloway holds for the uninitiated, as well as for

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W. S. CROCKETT.

THE END OF A CHAPTER.*

It is hard to say whether "The End of a Chapter" should be considered as a commentary spiced with anecdotes or as a volume of memoirs dignified by criticism. The book begins as anecdotage pure and simple, the anecdotage of Sir John Leslie, the author's grandfather, who, not dying till January 23rd of the present year, could remember five reigns, once gazed upon the features of George IV., heard the discourse of Sir Walter Scott, was introduced to the old Duke of Wellington as a schoolboy, had Talleyrand pointed out to him as that wily diplomatist stood on the steps of Hertford House, and lived to see a granddaughter of his marry the great-grandson of the Comte de Flahaut, Talleyrand's illegitimate son. But once Shane Leslie has finished his own chronicle of Eton and of Cambridge days, wherein there are stories to be found both new and old, the narrative becomes commentary absolute, the anecdotes falling into their proper place in such a scheme, being either illustrations of social manners or revelations of secret history. For his task of surveying our records from the accession of Queen Victoria to the outbreak of the Great War, and of re-valuing such famous English institutions as the two Universities, the Monarchy, our Religion, the Politicians, Ireland and the Irish, our Sport, our Imperialism, and our *Fin-de-siècle*, Mr. Leslie possesses what he obviously believes to be a very well-balanced equipment. As a member of an old Irish Protestant family he belongs of course to the governing classes; yet he has stood as a Nationalist candidate for Parliament. He is a convert to Catholicism, despite the fact that he was educated at those essentially English nurseries of sport and of learning Eton College and Cambridge University. A Radical-Aristocrat seemingly, he distrusts the Whigs, thinks nothing of the Tories, expects little from the Labour party. This is his certificate of impartiality. Certainly his literary style could hardly be bettered. He writes with quite remarkable economy of phrase. Not a word is wasted: every sentence is duly packed, made incisive, pungent, or epigrammatic as the occasion seems to demand. Which method should help the reader, we think, to make *his* valuation of Mr. Leslie's valuations. To be candid then, much as we admire the writing of his book, much as we have been amused at the numerous stories he tells, prepared as we are to admit how alert and uncompromising are his comments, we still regard Mr. Leslie as far too young a man to be included among the prophets. His masterful, compressed style is scarcely well adapted to the discussion of delicate questions full of nuances and moot points. His judgments moreover are too prejudiced and one-sided to be accepted seriously as weighty and mature. He looks at men and things in fact more or less from the Catholic or Anglo-Catholic standpoint of Mr. Belloc and of Mr. Chesterton. Or, as he may claim to have put both these gentlemen in their proper places in one chapter of his book, may we say that his angle of vision seems to be very much that of the contributors to a well-known weekly review? So when he comes to regard the Anglican Church, the Nonconformist conscience, the modern Jew, the lawyer politician, and the London of July, 1914, he suffers from a certain myopia. To him, as to Macaulay and to Sydney Smith, the Church of England is not so much a religious body as a branch of the Civil Service. The Dissenters are anathema because they helped to break the political careers of Parnell and of Dilke. The Jew he rather suspects as a cosmopolitan financier and as a non-fighter. He is inclined to think that there may be a grain of truth in the notion that all lawyer M.P.'s are either fools or knaves. And he would like us seriously to believe that before the war England was going rapidly to the devil, merely because a small minority of Londoners composed of actors, Bohemians, Society people and plutocrats conspired to dance the tango and to flock to the Russian ballet. Mr. Leslie, however, atones for his youthful cynicism and *naïveté* and for his adhesion to the latest political shibboleths by the open and abundant admiration which he expresses for his kinsman, Mr. Winston Churchill. All his references to the ex-First Lord are worth pondering. But who can have confided to him the momentous secret that it was Winston Churchill and Haldane who convinced the Cabinet of the necessity of war in 1914?

W. A. L. B.

* "The End of a Chapter." By Shane Leslie. 5s. net. (Constable.)

FIVE NEW NOVELS.

"The Prisoner"[1] is an exceptionally fine novel, one to be brooded over and critically masticated. Its closely woven texture suggests a fine piece of tapestry; in its deft craftsmanship, its happy aptness of phrase, it recalls the art of Jane Austen herself. It may be arguable that Miss Alice Brown has chosen a canvas a thought too large for her subject, but there can be no possible question as to the excellence of her depiction. The story goes like a strong calm river, looping always about the old-time American town of Addington, whose atmosphere curiously resembles that of some English cathedral city.

Jeff Blake, The Prisoner, is a virile figure; a man who returns, maimed but not broken in spirit, to a familiar *milieu*. He has an adoring father, a passionless Circe-wife (who has occasioned his downfall and stood aloof from his subsequent suffering), and the sympathetic respect of the town's higher social stratum. What threads will he pick up again, and how will he handle them? One might look for a plain tale of strength triumphant, barriers forced, hero reinstated; but the author has conceived something far more subtle and sophisticated than this—something to which no brief review can pretend to do full justice. She has given us a group of living characters, from whose delicate correlations spring complicated drama. Perhaps on the whole Miss Brown is stronger in the quieter phases of the story than in its moments of dramatic collision. Not seldom the latter, cut short by the hurried exit of a principal figure, tend to fizzle out; though all the Choate scenes, whether with Lydia, Jeff or Madame Beattie, are wrought to their full issues. The great scene of the necklace, between Esther, Jeff and Madame, seems—to the present writer at least—to smell of the lamp. The impulsive, boiling little imp Lydia is at once captivating and original, the dainty-petalled Anne being her effective foil. The ruthless, good-tempered blackmailer, Patricia Beattie, is a clean-cut, most telling study. On no account should the book be missed by any lover of good fiction.

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its setting of dewy landscape, village gossip, taproom pow-wows, marketings, harvest festivals and country balls. Through all, the dauntless, fine-hearted Peggy holds the stage easily. The *res angusta* of her father, the crass egoism of her mother, are foils to her goodness, but the author always happily evades the angelic pose. Peggy is a very human little person; her small brother, Miss Batten the dressmaker, and the other villagers are excellent figures. Stocks, the sourly critical but at bottom appreciative gardener, is an effective character study. "You women," he says to the maid Mary, "You've no inishitive!" And "inishitive," he explains, "is what makes you put paraffin on the fire while other lasses goes and lets the missis know they were down late." The atmosphere of the book is as sweet as a village nosegay.

Kay Carruth, the central figure of Miss Petter's analytical story, "Scope,"[3] is a girl who, somewhat sickened by the narrowness and social trivialities of a country town, hankers after an enlarged horizon. The marriage of a possible lover brings her tedium to a climax, and she goes off on a country visit. A vividly enchanted country walk issues in an interview with the mysterious quasi-hermit, Vernon Dowdry. Vernon remorsefully reveals the story of his past, as told in the prelude. He becomes Kay's devoted husband, but later discovers—only by her own confession when in a mood of despair—that she has no love for him. To relate the consequent developments, leading to gradual evocation of the better stuff in a seemingly light nature, would be to give away the story-teller: enough that they lead in due course to a happy and satisfactory ending. The flighty little Doe Grendon and the sterling "Yank" are among the more successful minor characters.

From Sir Gilbert Parker we look for both literary quality and trenchant story-telling, and in either context "The World for Sale"[4] may be pronounced fully satisfying. Its effective drama is based upon two pioneer towns of the great North-West, sundered by clashing antagonisms. Possibly the hero and Master Man may at first touch disappoint, for Ingolby, with his triumphant hustlery and general squareness of jaw, is of a *genre* somewhat stereotyped through American fiction; but later, when thrown into catastrophic deeps, he emerges as a man and a brother. The scene called "Two Life Pieces," with Ingolby's iron indomitableness and the first uprush of Fleda's love, not only gives coherence to the whole story, but raises the pair to a high and nobly human plane. Fleda herself, born of the Romany race ("for ever fleeing from yesterday, and using to-day only as a camping-ground") is a peculiar study: a grand creature, half Gorgio yet beset by hereditary hankerings after the old nomad life and conditions, by yearnings only to be extinguished at last in a great love. The story is replete with vital and effective scenes, notably those between Fleda and the Romany *chal* Jethro Flawe; the latter and Druse; Jethro's fiddling to Ingolby, with murder in his brain; the betrayal of Ingolby at Barbazon's; his defence, when sightless, of the bridge; the crushing of Tripple, and many others. The living and effective minor characters—Rockwell, Madame Bulteel, old Jim, Berry the barber, the old Monseigneur, the Woman from Wind River—add strength and colour to a vivid and dramatic novel.

"This is what we moderns are—and this is why we needed the tragedy of the war." Some thought of this nature, one conceives, was in the mind of the author of "If Age Could"[5] when depicting the invertebrate Eustace, and the seductive but callously self-worshipping Veronica. But, accepting the former, the latter is surely too highly coloured and abnormal to serve as a type. There are power and artistry in the presentment of this physically charming, repulsive young woman, with her dominance of the elderly lover and eventual self-surrender to passion; but in other regards the book is hardly what Mr. Bernard Capes's many finer works have led us to expect. The business of the elixir, as also the character and position of the likable Harold, leave a somewhat raw and half-baked impression. Even the sweet figure of Margaret, making a rather late entry upon the stage, seems rather extraneous to, than an organic part of, the picture. The finale, though striking, has more than a tinge of melodrama. Perhaps, on the whole, the novel may be summed up as a clever, but not fully wrought out achievement.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

[3] "Scope." By Evelyn Branscombe Petter. (Chapman & Hall.)
[4] "The World For Sale." By Gilbert Parker. (Heinemann.)
[5] "If Age Could." By Bernard Capes. (Duckworth.)

A KISS FROM FRANCE.*

It is as impossible to define the special quality of an author's humour as to describe the characteristic fragrance of any particular flower. In the case of Mr. Neil Lyons you cannot shirk the difficulty by comparing him with well known humorists living or dead, because his style of humour is quite peculiarly his own. It has a mellow, fruity flavour; there is nothing forced about it—it just seems to happen; and it is less the humour of incident than of phrase, of manner, of outlook. You think of words that might fit it, such as quaint, whimsical, droll, sly, genial, subtle, but none of them will exactly do, though it certainly has something of all of them, and every now and then it changes at a touch into a momentary, elusive pathos that yet has a queer sort of broken laugh in it, so that you find yourself smiling with a sting of tears in your eyes. You may know perfectly well the taste of a ripe old port, but you can only communicate that knowledge to another by bringing him to drink some; and thus, in the end, you throw aside all attempts at definition and can say nothing more illuminating of the humour of Neil Lyons than: Here is a new bookful of it, read it and enjoy it for yourself.

This is Mr. Lyons' second book about the war, and he has never described a battle, because, one may assume, he has never seen one. He is so much of a realist that he writes only of what he has seen; he is a sympathetic

* "A Kiss from France." By A. Neil Lyons. 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. A. Neil Lyons.**

observer with a gift of imagination and does not merely copy the incidents and characters he has moved among, but recreates them and gives them to you in his stories vividly and wonderfully alive. In "Kitchener Chaps" he pictured the new recruits who were being made into soldiers at home here; and in "A Kiss From France" he shows you these same men on active service. He was out there for some months behind the fighting lines, and saw the men come back from battle, or march out into it; he had adventures of his own among them, and among our French allies in towns within sound of the guns, and out of these things he has fashioned a series of the raciest, happiest and most human stories that the war has yielded. Read "The Belgese Girl," or "The Man Killer," or "A Kiss From France," or "Her Ladyship's Comforter," or any of them, and you will read them all without waiting for a reviewer to tell you what he thinks of the book.

THE GUIDING THREAD.*

The arresting beginning of Miss Harraden's latest novel takes place in a London street. One girl—and a parrot, are in the scene. Joan Holbrook listens at a shop doorway to the reiteration of the parrot's words, and suddenly she knows herself. "Self-revelation comes often with a blinding flash of lightning, and in chance circumstances. Joan had realised at last that she was only a parrot and nothing else."

A visit to an oculist was the cause of Joan's unusual presence in London, and meanwhile Joan's husband gives the key to the situation. In the solitary barn-home on the moors he has been broken in upon by his old friend, Will Beaudesart, after years of separation, and before long is talking to Will of Joan:

"'Joan thinks as I think. I've seen to that. You see, Will, I've practically created her mind,' he said gravely. 'Seven years! Seven years of dogged, patient training. Seven years of quiet persistence in imprinting on the blank tablets of her mind my own views and ideas, my own opinions of art, letters, life and religion. It has been an amazing, a thrilling experience. Creating a human intelligence. Forming a human soul.'"

Then:

"'You should hear her on the subject of Leonardo da Vinci,' he continued proudly. 'I assure you, I sometimes sit and wonder myself. A little wild, ignorant village girl. A blacksmith's daughter, Will. Think of that.'"

But Joan is even more wonderful than her husband knows. She is too wonderful to be merely a parrot; she is a "wild, free bird." And when once she has awakened to this knowledge the parrot life is impossible. In a short, bitter scene Holbrook sees his creation perish; he strikes his wife a blow on the face; and Joan walks out from her home, not angry, not desperate, but elated, almost intoxicated by the freedom which she has determined shall be hers.

From that simple beginning—one girl, one parrot—the story becomes gradually quicker, more crowded. Joan walks over moor and road, by village, by farm; each day fulfilling her destiny, and meeting as she goes the men and women, distinct, varied, forceful, who are to shape her life. The raven-haired woman "who is not good," the old servant, Keturah, the villagers, the artist's group in London, the rich, "cranky" old lady who takes Joan to America; and then the American men and women—all unconsciously lead Joan towards the inevitable turning-point, the "right-about-face" of her nature.

Little by little we see the theme shaping towards its close. The freedom has been realised and wildly enjoyed; the individuality has had scope; and now, after all the long days of revolt, the nature of "the little wild bird" becomes tamer. We see the truth dawning in Joan's heart and brain; and slowly, surely, she comes back—back to all that had seemed impossible; but back now by her own free will and with her own clear understanding and appreciation.

* "The Guiding Thread." By Beatrice Harraden. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

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Only the bare lines of the story are here shown, but it is told in Miss Harraden's own manner, the manner which always convinces that each character is alive in the author's brain. Then, gradually, as the story nears the end, the crowd drops away; the lonely barn-home rises before us again, and we come back to the quietness—one girl, and—instead of the parrot—the man who has mistakenly tried to make of her a parrot and, failing, has found a comrade, and true wife.

THE MODERN PROPHET.*

This little book expresses the devotion of an ardent follower of the prophet. It is useful, because Mr. Carpenter's point of view, his reasoning and his visions of social and moral betterment, are useful; but its value is marred by an insistent hero-worship. If Mr. Sime had modified his transports, at least to the extent of omitting most of his laudatory adjectives, it would have helped the effect of his book; for, after all, the ideas of the man, rather than the man himself, are the thing; and all that was necessary was a careful record without adoration. So much for criticism. Now for the praise. This is due to Mr. Sime's effort, for the apt and useful manner in which the divers chapters of the practical philosophy of Edward Carpenter have been epitomised. Briefly, but sufficiently effectively, Mr. Sime takes the seer's views on humanity and crime, marriage and the sexes, morals, manners, and what has been called by him the Intermediate Sex, or Uranians, or Dorians, and compactly repeats them. Here, among these few examples of a philosophical position, the result of years of thought and teaching, are subjects touching the universal; and it is obvious that neither Mr. Sime nor anyone else can really epitomise that which approaches the infinite; but he usefully points the way. Whoever reads this little book must go on to the writings themselves, the poems, volumes and pamphlets, which express the ideas and ideals of a very remarkable personality. As we said a little while ago when noticing Mr. Carpenter's Autobiography, such democratic example and teaching as he has given in his years of independence and social service must be of exceptional usefulness in the days to come, when Democracy will be on trial and all true democrats must determine that it shall not be found wanting. Because it helps to the necessary education, by making the mind of the master better known, we welcome and bless this unpretentious volume.

THE "FATED ONE."†

The simplicity of the author's style and, of course, the extreme intimacy of touch lend a particular charm to this homely little memoir. It is the most human book that we have had about Parnell, and, while in no especial sense political, an excellent summary of the most remarkable career of modern times; a career which, though it issues in tragedy, is none the less essentially triumphant. Every page of the book is of deep interest.

Here is a charming little picture of the Uncrowned King in childhood:

"When young he was a wiry little boy, very bright and playful, making fun of everybody and everything. He was fond of mechanics, like his elder brother, Hayes. He had dark brown hair, a pale complexion, very dark brown and very piercing eyes. His figure was slender, and he was very small for his age. He did not grow until late, and was nicknamed 'Tom Thumb' at home."

Think of calling Parnell "Tom Thumb!" I remember a story of him when his power in Parliament and Ireland was at its height. A vivacious young Nationalist had just made his first speech in the House. In the smoking room he found the great leader, and went up and clapped him on the shoulder: "Well, Parnell, old boy, and what did you think of my speech?" "My name is *Mr.* Parnell, sir, and I did not hear your speech." But perhaps the most freezing instance—and really it is almost terrifying—of his attitude towards his party and supporters in general is the one given by his brother on page 209. The Irish people, shocked at hearing that a mortgage had been foreclosed on Parnell's estate of Avondale, and that he had filed a petition for sale, set on foot a subscription, to which every class in the country contributed. A sum of £37,011 17s. was collected.

"His reception of this amount, large as it was, was characteristic. He was handed the cheque on December 11th (1882), just before a grand banquet was given in his honour. He put it in his pocket as if it were a matter of course, and neither then nor during his subsequent speech did he make the slightest reference to it."

The incident is probably unique. Again, when he appeared in the House on the conclusion of the wretched Pigott business, and the whole Liberal party and many of the Tories rose to their feet and cheered,

"Charley's attitude was characteristic. As he sat down, apparently unconcerned, though his pale face and the twitching of his hands betrayed his deep emotion, he remarked to the Member next him: 'Why do you fellows stand up? It almost frightened me.'"

This was the top of Parnell's glory. The divorce case began soon afterwards; the turning-point of his career. In England, Gladstone and the Nonconformist party decided against him; in Ireland, the priests had no choice whatever in the matter, their opposition was inevitable. From the first, therefore, it was a losing fight; but Parnell with a pale fury, the seeds of death already in him, stood it out to the uttermost. He died October 6th, 1891; the most heroic figure in the Irish politics of our day. His long struggle to give representation to his country made straight the way for the later triumph, and the great mass of the Irish people still pay homage to his memory. When I was in Connemara some years ago a tradition ran that he was not dead, but in retreat somewhere among the Seven Bens, awaiting a new call from his country. He was, says his brother, "my best friend from boyhood."

TIGHE HOPKINS.

* "Edward Carpenter: His Ideas and Ideals." By A. H. Moncur Sime, London. 2s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

† "Charles Stewart Parnell: A Memoir." By his Brother, John Howard Parnell. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Novel Notes.

THE GAMESTERS. By H. C. Bailey. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

The Prussian Court in the boorish days of Frederick's mean adolescence and his first campaign provides the setting of a brilliant novel in Mr. Bailey's best vein. Here is a very shrewd and true picture of the period, and of Prussian character—a picture intensely interesting now. One sees Frederick "The Great" in the making, bullied and paltry, then energetic and cruel; and the heroes of the story, an English brother and sister, are a very likeable and uncommon pair. They go from city to city keeping a faro table honestly, or employed on diplomatic service, with a clean spirit for adventure that brings them in touch with critical events and involves them in romantic perils gaily. The book is extremely witty. Mr. Bailey's style, the point of view once realised, carries one along delightfully. That it allows of little sentiment while saying most things brightly and frankly is a great merit; and, if it is too mannered to achieve a happy ending of the sort desired by sentimentalists, that drawback must, one sees, have been deliberately faced. Eve de Ros is a haunting heroine. Neither he nor any other author of the same school has pictured a woman of spirit with more candour and piquancy. She fights the duel of sex with so much courage that it seems piteous, and still she defies pity and does not need it—unless, indeed, we have to feel that she can never have known happiness. That notorious Duke of Severn who went by the name of Jack o' Bedlam was, perhaps, the only mate who could have won her, and he fails to catch our admiration and liking well enough to banish the regret that Eve should ever be won. Like her, in fact, we are doubtful of the marriage ceremony. An unforeseen problem remains—whether, namely, from the author's point of view, marriage is logical.

MADCAPS AND MADMEN. By Roger Wray. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

With his new novel the author of "The Soul of a Teacher" will increase the reputation which he made with that notable "first." In this story the reader is taken to the village of Moggerley—somewhere within the southern half of the Midland coalfield—and there, or in its immediate neighbourhood, most of the low-toned romance is worked out. The central figure is one Robbie Townley, whom we meet as a ragged but happy schoolboy and whom we leave at the close a recently married and well content coal miner who has had some remarkable experience. Contrasting with Robbie is his schoolmate, Frank Warrington, the restless lad who cannot settle to anything, and who after a brief period at sea, becomes something of a happy-go-lucky wanderer. Robbie leaves school to go to the "pit," and works assiduously there until his distant worship of Ruth Andrews makes him determine to better himself, and he accepts the help of the somewhat sinister revolutionary dreamer, Satow—a remarkable and well-delineated character who thinks he sees in the dour lad a promising leader in the anticipated upheaval. Chance makes of Robbie, when on poaching bent, something of a hero, and thus when his education has proceeded someway, and he has learned to speak "la-de-da" almost as easily as in Moggerley dialect, he becomes secretary to Sir Charles Baxter the local colliery owner and magnate, greatly to the disappointment of Satow, and in the long run to his own undoing. Baxter has a more or less irresponsible young daughter who flirts outrageously with the secretary until he turns on her in passion, tells her what he thinks of her, leaves his position and returns to the "pit." It is a strong grim story, terrible at times in its irony and vivid alike in its presentation of diverse characters and in its descriptions of normal and abnormal life in a colliery village.

PETUNIA. By Mrs. George Wemyss. 6s. (Constable.)

Petunia has kept house for her father, the cranky Colonel Hammond, for several years. Of course, she has been suppressed on every possible occasion, with the result that she is one of the most curiously naïve mixtures of innocence and matter-of-factness (extremely well described by the author) that one can imagine. North, south, east, and west of Big House, where she lives with her father, are the cottages of four of her brothers—the fifth, having married the wayward and beautiful Helen, of whom Colonel Hammond does not approve, lives in London. All these relations have expectations—which are dashed to the ground when the old man dies, leaving all he possesses to Petunia, until she marries, when the property is to be equally divided. It is obvious that Petunia must be married off as quickly as a man can be found for her. And so possible young men begin to appear, and also a terrible, but soft-hearted, aunt. But the sisters-in-law fail; it is only the war that brings the realisation of her love to Petunia. It is all very charmingly told in that pleasantly acid manner of Mrs. Wemyss. An obvious little story, perhaps, but one that is well worth reading for the excellence of the manner of its telling and for its humorously lifelike sketches of children.

A TORY IN ARMS. By John Heron Lepper. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

When you read the dedication, "To the Chivalry of Ulster now in Arms," you wonder if this story tells of some Orange Carsonite in Flanders. But the sub-title gives the proper focus. This is a story of 1715, and "Tory" means an outlawed robber. Mr. Lepper's hero is really not a "Tory in arms" at all, for Neeshy Hockon is rarely on the stage, and, although he is the chief villain of the piece, his misdeeds and capture are minor incidents in the tale. Mr. Lepper has got a catching title, rather than an adequate one. But this is of less importance, as he has written an excellent romance, with love and patriotism and smuggling wrapped in a bundle of adventures. It is semi-historical, for Sir Robert Walpole crosses the hero's

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path at the close. Mr. Lepper, however, moves freely in the world of his romance, the Ulster of that day, and succeeds in delineating the cross-currents of religious feeling which swayed the province. There are two heroines, and Mr. Robin Brown, the hero, is rewarded with one of them, after a long time of waiting; but the chief interest of the story lies in the development of the hero's character, and in the vivid setting of the tale. The author will learn, as he practises his trade, not to give such long speeches to his characters. But he has already learned how to construct a story that moves, and how to use local colour. "A Tory in Arms" makes good reading, and lovers of romance should not miss its pages.

The Bookman's Table.

SOLDIER AND DRAMATIST. Being the Letters of Harold Chapin. With an Introduction by Sidney Dark. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

Harold Chapin was killed in action at Loos, on September 26th last year, and into this memorial volume have been gathered the letters he wrote to his wife, his mother, his wife's mother, and to his little son, Vally. The letters not only give a very vivid account of his training camp experiences in England and later of what he went through in the fighting zone in France, but, as Mr. Sidney Dark says in his sympathetic Introduction, they do also reveal most intimately his own character, "his acute power of observation, his humour, his courage, his wide democratic sympathies, and his intense affection." They were scribbled at odd times, in all sorts of places, under all sorts of conditions, and much of their charm lies in their naturalness, their complete unselfconsciousness—like some of the best things in literature, they were never written for publication, and if they had been they could not have been half so poignant, so actual, so entirely worth publishing. Often as you find him yearning, in the tender, whimsical letters to his little boy, and in many of the others, to be home again and going on with the real work of his life, the dominant note of them is an unshakable courage and resolution. "Have I warned you against rumours?" he writes in a letter to his wife, and he says the same thing in different words in other of the letters: "Yes, I believe I have. Beware of them, especially rumours of peace. We don't want peace till they're beaten, do we?" The book is a tonic for all the faint-hearted who would like to finish the war even before it is ended, but above all you will value it for the picture it gives you—a picture drawn by himself, though he never guessed that he was doing it—of a very lovable and a very gallant gentleman. Both Mr. Sidney Dark, and Mr. William Archer, in a separate chapter, bear testimony to his power and growing promise as a dramatist, and the volume contains two excellent portraits.

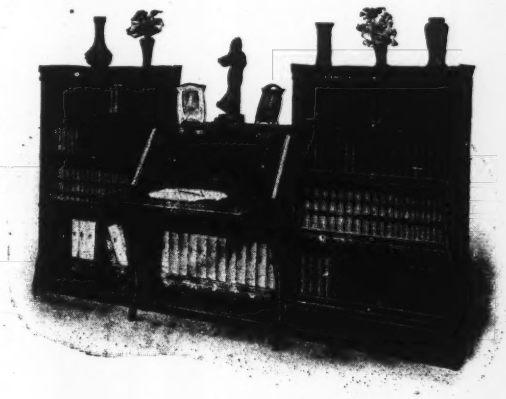
Photo by Cherry & Co., St. Albans. **Lance-Corporal Harold Chapin.**
From "Soldier and Dramatist" (John Lane).

THE KING'S INDIAN ALLIES: The Rajas and their India. By St. Nihal Singh. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

It is well to be reminded that India is not all British but partly under European and partly under Asiatic rule. France and Portugal hold very tiny areas, quite negligible. The country is really divided between the British and the Indian rulers, who possess between them 850,000 square miles of territory, more than two thirds as much as the area of British India, and govern over 78 millions of subjects or nearly a third as many as in British India. The author, a very well-known and distinguished publicist, speaks of the Indian rulers, for the sake of convenience, as Rajas, and tells us there are over 700 of them in authority over varying portions of this territory and population. St. Nihal Singh can only give very brief accounts of the vastly varied organisations, methods of ruling, development, interrelations and history of all these states and peoples. But while he does not attempt to offer much detail, he presents a useful and most lucid and interesting account of their chief outstanding features, and makes clear to us the main principles upon which the governing and advancement of India proceeds. He reminds us good-naturedly of our ignorance of Indian princes, assuring us they do not spend all their days in barbaric splendour and soft luxury. Many of them are men who have been brought into contact with Europe and European culture, who have assimilated much of western ideas and civilisation, without losing the grave sense of what is valuable and splendid in their own wise immemorial civilisation. There are others, of course, who preserve the ancient ways, but they are not immune from external influences making for progress. The book certainly is well planned for correcting many vague and wrong ideas commonly held among us and perpetuated by writers of sensational fiction. We welcome it as helping us to understand the solid worth and standing of these states and their rulers, and to understand also the nobility and friendship for England they have displayed during the present struggle.

ILLYRION AND OTHER POEMS. By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts. 1s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer & Hayward.)

This is a young girl's book, and has all the pretty properties of youth in love with poetry: stars and birds and blossoms, "sapphire dewdrops" and "aureate flames," fairies, and children who are of the fairy's kin. But, for all its callow notes, the book contains something more than the inarticulate stammer of "first poems" that merely rhyme. It contains a genuine passion for liberty, a power to feel as well as to observe the magic of natural beauty; a sympathy, too, with the sorrows of the race. The title-poem seems at first merely facile, "pretty-pretty" verse, though unusually smooth and fluent for early work, in spite of two or three halting lines. But it broadens and deepens considerably as it goes on, and reveals traces of Shelley's influence and Mrs. Browning's; no bad ideals,



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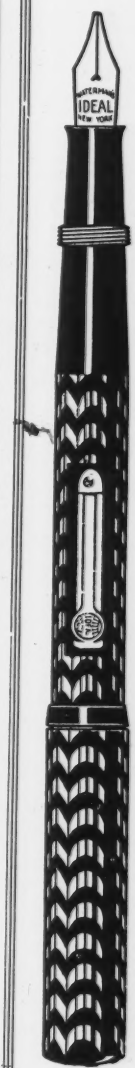

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if hopeless models, for a young aspirant to the Muse's favour. Speaking of the Muse, by the way, reminds us that Miss Phillpotts has unkindly omitted Clio and Urania from their company in her "Melpomene" interlude. But she makes amends by paying court to the Muse of the fairies in "Song," which has a quaint charm of its own; and to the true spirit of romance in "The Round Tower," which we prefer on the whole, we think, to anything else in her books. The loftiness of her ideals will be seen in the following passage from "Illyrion":

"Man, though many-tongued, is always man,
Ascended from the common source of life,
Therefore, O man, all countries are thy home,
All men thy brothers. . . .
So be not proud because thou art a Greek
Or Roman, Ethiop or Saracen;
But let thy pride swell forth unlimited
Because thou art a man."

Notes on New Books.

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In **One Clear Call,** by Paul Urquhart (6s.), it is the powerful, irresistible call of love that leads Dr. Lionel Weedon into a series of amazing adventures which revolve around a strange beautiful woman. A street accident first brings them together, and later she comes to his surgery to have a curious tatoo mark removed from her shoulder, and makes him pledge his word to keep the operation secret. Thus he is drawn into the mystery. The story is cleverly constructed and bristling with thrilling incidents which keep the reader on perpetual tenterhooks. The doctor is kidnapped, involved in an extraordinary murder, assists the beautiful woman to escape from those who seem to be using her as a tool, pursues her to Paris, and with the object of saving her, comes back to London again, meeting with difficulties and dangers at every turn, which his love and determination never fail to conquer. The story is told with such vigour, and the plot so cleverly worked out that the explanation to the mystery comes at last quite unexpectedly. It is a refreshing book, thoroughly entertaining, and maintains the interest until the baffling problems are cleared up, and the persevering doctor claims his just reward.

WAR BOOKS.

THE PERILS OF PEACE. By Cecil Chesterton. Introduction by Hilaire Belloc. 2s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Both Mr. Belloc and Mr. Cecil Chesterton are fierce fighters. Once they have formed an opinion they fight for it implacably and close the gates of mercy on their opponents. You do not look to them for justice—they are too cocksure of their own infallibility and of the folly or rascality of those who do not agree with them. Apparently they hold the old-fashioned notion that a man is either all black or all white. They condemn men uncompromisingly to-day and distrust them for to-morrow because once they stumbled into error a few years ago. They do that freely in "The Perils of Peace"; they rake up old scandals and nag about them. That is a mistake, for they have true and more momentous things to say. The perils they see ahead of us are real and grave, and every good democrat should read this book if only that he may be on his guard against the insidious forces that may presently be at work to cheat the nation of the peace it is paying for in blood and tears. Most of the personalities in the volume are too shrill and petty; the rest is matter for serious consideration. There are shrewd and witty things in it, and also things that are only smart and ungenerous, for Mr. Chesterton himself is too human to be perfect.

ANZAC AND AFTER. By Frank E. Westbrook. 1s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Westbrook is a Gunner in the Australian Field Artillery, and his battery took ashore the first gun that was landed at Anzac on April 25th, 1915. He had never written a line of verse, we are told, until he entered the Army, and it was at Anzac and after he was invalided to England that

"In mirth and grey sorrow these verses were born."

Some have the dreams and emotions of normal life for their theme, but perhaps the best of them are the stirring, vigorous lyrics and ballads that deal with the fighting in which Gunner Westbrook had his share, such as "The Music of the Guns," "Dawn before Anzac," "Attack," "The Fallen," or "The Boys Out There." It is a book of soldier songs worth buying and reading.

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